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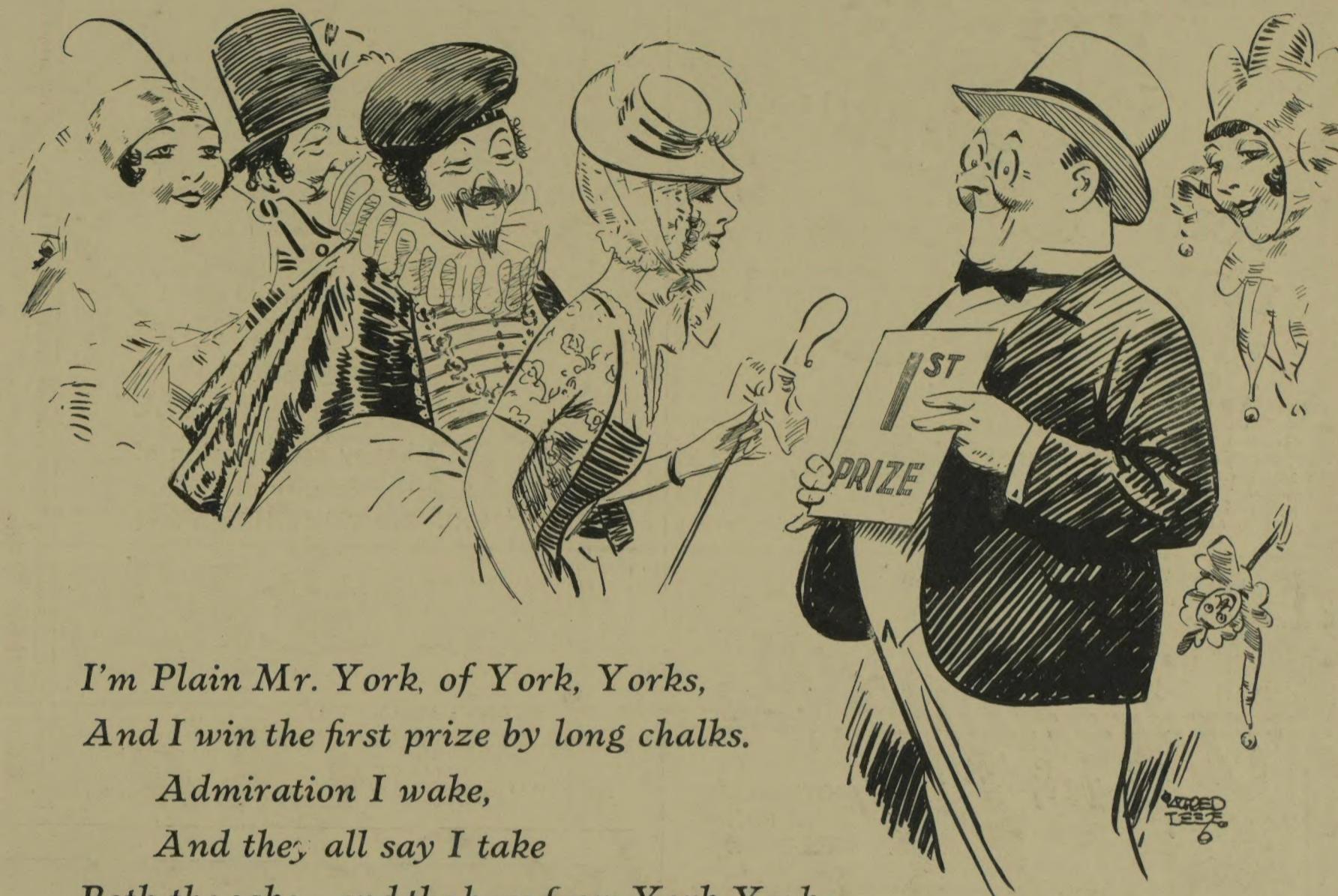
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1st PRIZE at the "PLAIN DRESS" BALL



*I'm Plain Mr. York, of York, Yorks,
And I win the first prize by long chalks.*

*Admiration I wake,
And they all say I take
Both the cake—and the bars from York, Yorks.*

"Fancy that," murmured Mr. York. "I may be plain, but the girls all give me their vote just the same."

"Will you dance with me, dear Mr. York?" cooed little Bo Peep.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. York, "but I am afraid I can only do the cake walk."

"If a cake walk with Plain Mr. York is as good as a walk with a cake of Plain York, I shall love it."

"How beautifully you keep time with the bars, Mr. York," sighed the girl rapturously when the dance was over.

"Do I?" said Mr. York, highly flattered. "Well, I have a lot to do with bars—have you tried my new Almond Bar?

I expect you're a bit hungry—have one now."

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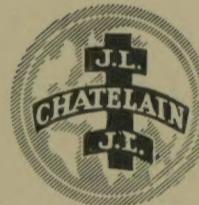
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1929.

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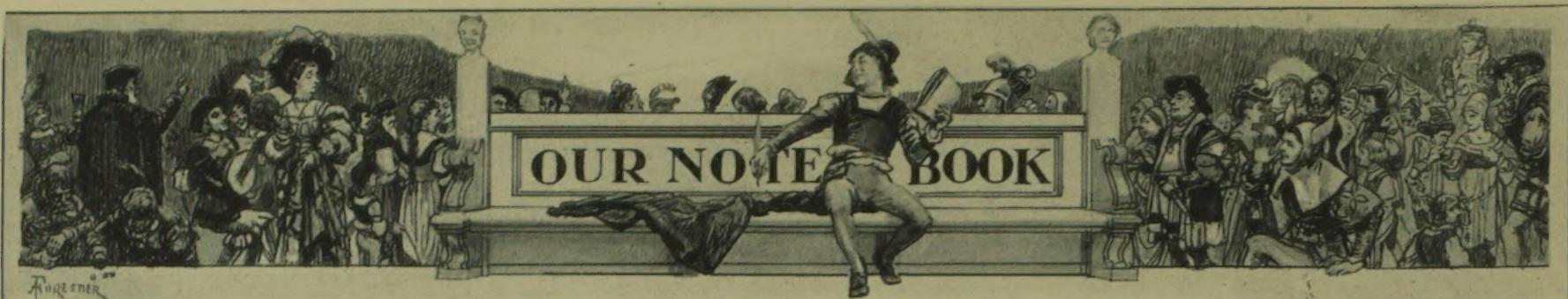


2

KABUL AIR RESCUES AS "EVIDENCE OF THE RECONCILIATION OF EUROPE": (1) GERMAN AND FRENCH WOMEN AND CHILDREN LEAVING A BRITISH AEROPLANE AT PESHAWAR, (2) LADY HUMPHREYS JUST DISEMBARKED.

The first party of women and children rescued from Kabul by the R.A.F. were those from the British Legation, twenty in all, including Lady Humphreys, wife of Sir Francis Humphreys, Minister to Afghanistan. They were brought safely to Peshawar, on December 23, in a Vickers-Victoria troop-carrier. The next day (Christmas Eve) our aircraft brought away twenty-eight French and German women and children, and subsequently those of other nationalities. Commenting

thereon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, wrote: "To me, it is a further evidence of the reconciliation of Europe. Ten years after the war, French and Germans sit side by side in British Air Force machines, looking down on the Khyber. . . . The new Perseus . . . brings together former enemies." A German newspaper says: "The British pilots and mechanics have earned our thanks by their unselfish endeavours to save German women and children."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

NO journalist will complain of the journalistic necessity of occasionally changing a title, or especially abbreviating a title. If I choose to head an article, "An Enquiry into the Conditions of Mycenaean Civilisation in the Heroic Epoch, with Special Reference to the Economic and Domestic Functions of Women Before and After the Conjectural Date of the Argive Expedition against Troy"—if, I say, I choose to give my article some snappy little title like that, I really have no right to complain if (when I send it to the *Chicago Daily Scoop*) they alter the title to "How Helen Did the Housekeeping." And even in milder cases the transformation is often unavoidable; especially if something intended for the serious book-reading public has to be transferred to the more impetuous newspaper-reading public. But, however harmless the change may be, it is sometimes of a certain intellectual interest. For example, I myself was asked some time ago to write a sort of ethical essay on the theme, "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach." When, in the course of events, it came to appear in a daily paper, it appeared under the title, "If I Were a Preacher." I do not in the least complain of that; it was obviously a mere matter of space and

And, though a great deal of nonsense has been talked about the unfair authority of the preacher (which is really much less illogical than the unfair anonymity of the pressman), it is true that in one sense the preacher has an advantage, or at least his congregation a disadvantage. While it might well be a beautiful sight to see the congregation gradually thinning away as my sermon proceeded from Fourthly to Fifthly, it is, as a matter of fact, unusual for people to rise in the front pews, with ostentatious yawns and in large numbers, and to walk out of the church to express their lack of enthusiasm for the sermon. Perhaps the best form of protest was that of the man who took off his boots and put them outside the pew, to indicate that he had had enough, and was now retiring to rest. But humourists of that heroic type are very rare. The congregation is commonly kept in its place, by reverence or by convention; and in that sense everybody has to listen to the sermon. But nobody has to read this article unless he wants to; and I should not imagine that anybody ever did.

The distinction between being a preacher and having one sermon to preach is, however, of some

dogmas. First, it implies that there is an invisible being, who can hear our prayer without ordinary material communication; which is a dogma. Second, it implies that the being is benevolent and not hostile; which is also a dogma. Third, it implies that he is not limited by the logic of causation, but can act with reference to our action; which is a great thundering dogma. But I merely give this as a passing example of the first fallacy in the advice to preachers. The preacher is told to cast aside all systems and speak out of his own heart, or (in favourable cases) out of his own head. It does not seem to occur to these critics that they are making the priest or preacher much more important than he was before. They are demanding from him a genius and originality which cannot be expected from all the individual members of any profession. The poor ordinary parson is not allowed to teach what he has learnt, a certain system of religious thought. But he is expected, all by himself, to be a sort of compound of Savonarola and Swedenborg and M. Coué. All men are not born mesmerists or prose poets or persons of magnetic personality. But all men can expound a rational scheme of religion and morals, if there is one to expound.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE BRISTOL-TO-NOTTINGHAM NIGHT MAIL TRAIN AND A FREIGHT TRAIN: WRECKAGE—INCLUDING THE ENGINE OF THE EXPRESS—AT ASHCURCH STATION.

The 7.20 p.m. Bristol-Nottingham express was in collision with a freight train at Ashchurch station, two miles from Tewkesbury, at 9.9. p.m., on January 7, in foggy weather. The scene of the accident is some thirty miles from Cheltenham, where fifteen people were killed in a collision

between an express and a goods train on October 13. It was announced on the 9th that the Ashchurch disaster had caused the death of four people, including the driver of the express, and injuries to twenty-one.

simplification. All the same, there is a difference. "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach" presents the pleasing spectacle of myself gagged and rendered speechless for the greater part of my life. It consoles humanity with the prospect of my never talking at all for twenty or thirty years on end; it almost approaches to the ideal or Utopian condition of my being deaf and dumb. But it supposes that the gag is taken out of my mouth once and once only, and I am allowed a short space in which to offer the reflections of a taciturn lifetime. Taking the matter in this sense, I dealt directly with the most deadly moral danger in my experience of mankind: the danger of egoism and spiritual pride. If I had only one moment in which to shout one warning, I should shout that one, and thereafter for ever hold my peace.

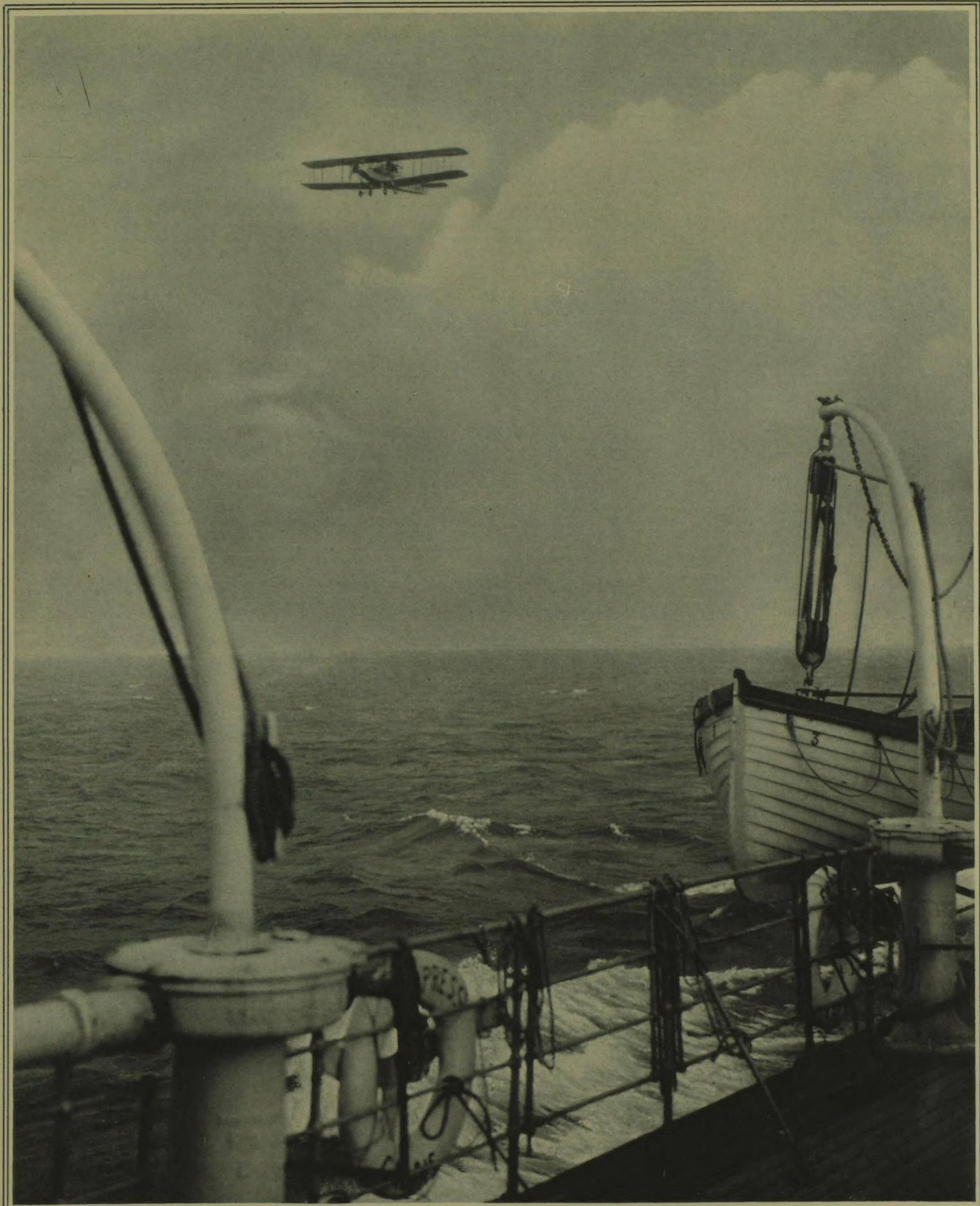
But "If I Were a Preacher" is quite a different idea. That presents, not the reassuring image of myself safely gagged and throttled until the inevitable hour shall come, but the menacing and unwelcome image of myself let loose to talk in a pulpit as long as I like, and to preach as a professional occupation. It offers, not the brief and salutary irritation of hearing me deliver one sermon, but the long vista of despair implied in my delivering an indefinite number of sermons. Above all, my own attitude would necessarily be entirely different in the two cases. Instead of concentrating what I really had to say in one address upon one text, I should have to proceed, like any other professional preacher, to search the Scriptures for more and more texts, and my mind for more and more sermons.

practical interest in raising a point about preaching. I mean merely about the technical or professional aspect of preaching; which would naturally be considered by the man who was for some reason doomed to be a preacher. If I had originally written my article to fit that title, it would have been quite a different business. Preaching, in that sense, is no business of mine; but listening, or trying to listen, is the business of nearly everybody. And there really is something to be said about the probable or preferable preliminaries of being a preacher; and even here, in another place and another connection, it may possibly be worth while to say it. Anyhow, I propose to say it; principally because it would seem to be the exact opposite of what everybody is now saying.

For the preacher, like everybody else, is receiving practical advice; and, as with everybody else, it is always exactly the wrong advice. He is told, of course, to eschew "creed and dogma"; which will soon, I imagine, be stereotyped and turned into one word, "creedanddogma," so regularly and mechanically is it repeated. I could never discover what the journalists who use this form imagine that creeds and dogmas are. The other day one of the most prominent and successful of journalists said, in the *Daily Express* that prayer had no sort of relation with any creed or dogma; he added that any agnostic could pray: one felt he was just about to add that any atheist could pray. What all this is supposed to mean, I have no idea. To any atheist, to any rational rationalist, it would be at once obvious that prayer does depend on two or three quite definite

The truth is that creed and dogma are the only things that make preaching tolerable. A system of thought can be explained by any reasonably thinking man; but it does not follow that the thinking man is a thinker. The case is very much the same as that of the medical authority of the general practitioner. We do not expect every ordinary G.P. to be a person like Pasteur or Lister or some great medical discoverer. But we do expect him to know the system he has been taught; the creed and dogma of his profession. To tell the priest to throw away theology and impress us with his personality, is exactly like telling the doctor to throw away physiology and merely hypnotise us with his glittering eye. People are very fond of making unjust complaints about preachers, as they are of making equally unjust complaints about doctors. But they have not yet got so far as complaining of doctors because they know their business, and because they regard it as a science. And the preacher, even the very worst preacher, would be infinitely more empty and dreary than he is if he had never regarded theology as a science. What makes his preaching tolerable, at its worst, is that he is, after all, in some sense giving us the thoughts of great men like St. Paul or St. Augustine, or even Calvin, and not merely the thoughts of a small man unassisted by any tradition of greatness. I do not know what advice will be given to the preacher by most of the distinguished persons who will probably advise him. But a melancholy familiarity with most current thought, or thoughtlessness, leads me to advise him to listen to it, and then do the opposite.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL NOW: BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AND BY STEAMER.

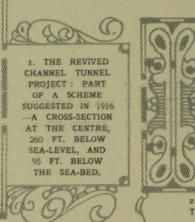


THE NEW FACTOR IN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL QUESTION—AVIATION: ONE OF THE AIR-LINERS THAT CONTINUED FLYING WHEN GALES STOPPED STEAMER SERVICES, PASSING THE S.S. "EMPRESS" BETWEEN CALAIS AND DOVER.

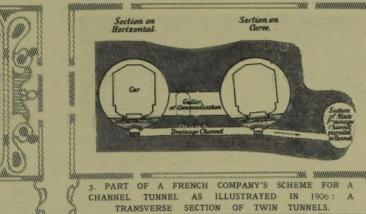
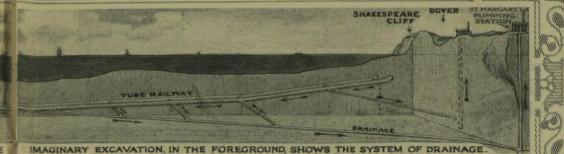
In the discussions over the revival of the Channel Tunnel project, it is recognised that, since the earlier schemes (illustrated on pages 84 and 85), a new factor has entered into the problem—the rise and progress of aviation. Formerly such a tunnel would have had to compete only with the cross-Channel steamers. Now there is another competitor in the air services to the Continent, especially those of Imperial Airways. During the November gales, air-liners were able to continue on several days when Channel steamers were held up, and the recent fogs made little difference to the air services. Discussing this air competition, Mr. F. A. Brant, head of the Continental Department of the Southern Railway,

said: "On the Continent there is a tendency (for the railways) to accept the situation and work hand in hand with the air companies. . . . If it is ever possible in our murky climate to organise regular schedules for inland air routes, we shall realise why the railways abroad make combined arrangements." From the railway point of view he considered that "the greatest of all improvements would be the construction of the Channel Tunnel." The development of aircraft has a close bearing also on the military aspect of the tunnel question. It is urged that aviation has nullified our insularity, and any danger of invasion is now from the air; while air-bombers could prevent troops debouching from the tunnel.

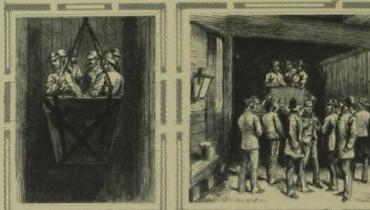
CROSSING THE CHANNEL AS IT MIGHT BE: EARLY TUNNEL PLANS; AND THE ABANDONED WORKS OF 1882.



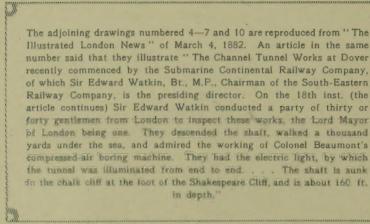
2. A SCHEME THAT WOULD PROVIDE DIRECT RAILWAY COMMUNICATION TO THE CONTINENT, WITH IMMENSE THE PROPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—A DIAGRAM SHOWING, IN TRANSVERSE ON THE



3. PART OF A FRENCH COMPANY'S SCHEME FOR A CHANNEL TUNNEL AS ILLUSTRATED IN 1906: A TRANSVERSE SECTION OF TWIN TUNNELS

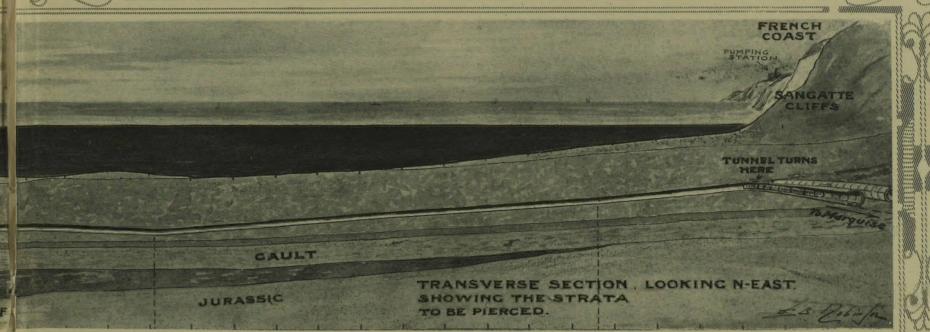
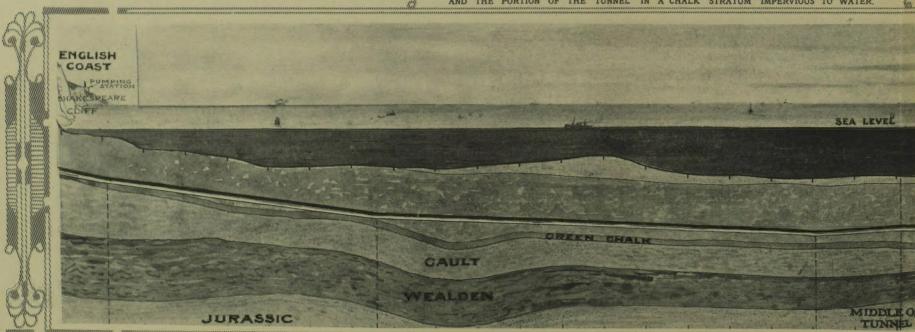


4 TO 7. THE 1882 CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS AT DOVER: CONTEMPORARY SKETCHES BY AN "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" ARTIST DURING THE VISIT OF SIR EDWARD WATKIN'S PARTY, INCLUDING THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, AND SHOWING (4) VISITORS GOING DOWN THE SHAFT IN THE CAGE; (5) ARRIVING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, AND A GROUP OF VISITORS ALREADY THERE; (6) A JUNCTION AND A REFRESHMENT BAR; (7) INSPECTING THE COMPRESSED-AIR BORING MACHINE.



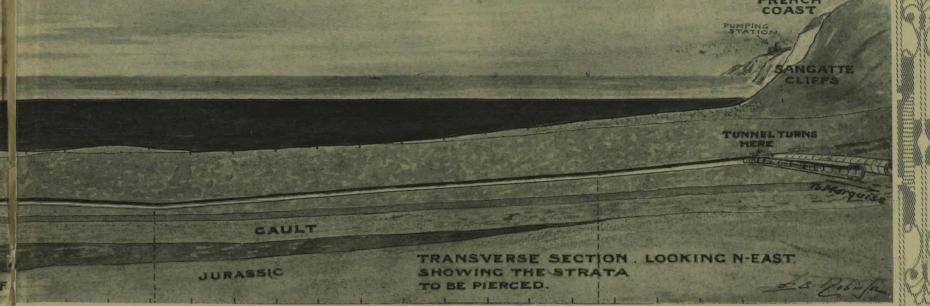
8. THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS AT DOVER AS THEY WERE IN 1882. THE ENTRANCE AT THE FOOT OF SHAKESPEARE CLIFF.

9. THE ORIGINAL ENGINE-SHOPS BUILT IN THE EIGHTIES AT DOVER WHEN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS BEGAN.



10. THE WORK BEGUN IN 1882 ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME OF THAT YEAR: A SECTION OF THE TUNNEL AT THE DOVER END, SHOWING THE GEOLOGICAL STRATA BELOW THE SEA, AND THE PORTION OF THE TUNNEL IN A CHALK STRATUM IMPERVIOUS TO WATER.

11. THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS ON THE FRENCH SIDE: THE BUILDINGS AT SANGATTE—A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1906.



12. THE INTERIOR OF THE ENGINE-SHOPS AT SANGATTE, 1905: MACHINERY FOR THE CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME ON THE FRENCH SIDE.

13. THE GEOLOGICAL ASPECT OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME: A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING (MADE IN 1916) GIVING, IN TRANSVERSE SECTION, A ON THE FRENCH COAST, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE PROPOSED TUNNEL

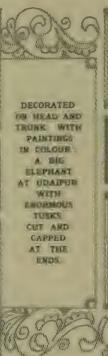
THROUGH A STRATUM OF IMPERVIOUS CHALK, AND THE VARIOUS STRATA UNDERNEATH.

GENERAL VIEW (LOOKING NORTH-EAST) OF THE COURSE OF THE PROJECTED TUNNEL BETWEEN DOVER (ON THE LEFT) AND SANGATTE (ON THE RIGHT)

The recent revival of the Channel Tunnel project has awakened extraordinary interest, not only in this country, but on the Continent, especially, of course, in France. It has been urged on behalf of the scheme that such a tunnel would give an immense impetus to trade, and bring a great influx of foreign visitors to Britain, while its construction would provide work for thousands of unemployed miners and other labourers. Sir William Bull, M.P., who is Chairman of the new Channel Tunnel Committee, lately invited all members of both Houses of Parliament to declare their attitude to the question. Many of them expressed their readiness to support the scheme. The subject was last considered by the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1924, when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, invited the four former Premiers who had presided over the Committee—Lord Balfour, the late Lord Oxford, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Baldwin—to attend the meeting. Mr. MacDonald afterwards stated in Parliament that the Committee were unanimous that the advantages of the tunnel

were not commensurate with the disadvantages from the point of view of defence, and that all that had happened in the previous five years in naval, military, and air development tended to render the tunnel a more dangerous experiment. "The French advocates of the tunnel," writes the Paris correspondent of the "Times," "reply that the military danger is remote. What, it is asked, could be more easily defended than a railway tunnel running under twenty miles of sea, to say nothing of several miles under land at each end? . . . Geologically, the Channel bed is exceptionally favourable, as a continuous stratum of impervious clay lies between Calais and Dover at the requisite depth." It has been recalled that about 2½ miles of Channel Tunnel have already been made, and though the works were abandoned in 1885, on military grounds, they are said to have resisted erosion and flooding. About three-quarters of a mile of the tunnel exists on the English side, starting at Shakespeare Cliff, Dover, while that already constructed on the French side extends for a mile and a-half.

THE "MUST" ELEPHANT AS "DEUILLIST": SPECTACULAR ANIMAL FIGHTS PROVIDING PRINCELY DIVERSIONS IN INDIA.



WITH TUSKS GROWN SO LONG THAT THEY HAD TO BE CUT TO ENABLE HIM TO LIE DOWN: A SIDE VIEW OF THE SAME ELEPHANT (AS SEEN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) SHOWING THE PAINTING ON HIS EAR.

An instance of an elephant in a condition of mad running seems occurred the other day at Barwakot, where one of the royal stables broke his chains and attacked a stable companion, which rushed into the stables, where the mad animal trampled a man, and, as efforts to capture him failed, was eventually poisoned with bananas containing strichine. The other elephant ran on to a river bank, where a spearman, who had been pursuing him, being impaled, was drowned. The incident needs a capital response to these photographs from Udaipur, in Rajputana, at which a correspondent writes: "The visitor who arrives in time for a grand festival can see between wild animals will see . . . battles between . . ."

(Continued opposite.)



ROYAL ELEPHANTS THAT ARE "MANICURED": A DOCLE GIANT AT THE MAHARANA'S PALACE AT UDAIPUR LYING DOWN TO HAVE HIS TOE-NAILS TRIMMED.

[Continued.] elephants, maybe a tiger (or two), a savage panther and a wild boar, but the fight, even tiger fight, for such have at times taken place in this arena. For the elephant fight—that great contest between two giants—a *must* or mad elephant has to be provided. He has to be chained up in the courtyard, and as he moves spearmen close round to prevent him breaking loose to rush smashing and killing in every direction. Already he has smashed everything within reach. Only the chain limits his area of destruction. On the day of the contest, the nobles and people of Udaipur, gaily dressed, gather before the palace in great crowds, waiting for the Maharana. . . . With his appearance all is ready.

[Continued below.]



A MUST ELEPHANT MAKING HAVOC WITHIN THE RADIUS OF HIS CHAIN TETHER: A SCENE JUST BEFORE HIS "DEUEL," SHOWING (IN FOREGROUND) THE SPEARS OF MEN POSTED THERE IN CASE OF HIS BREAKING LOOSE.



WATERING THE ROYAL ELEPHANTS AT THE PALACE OF UDAIPUR: A MAJESTIC GROUP OF THE GREAT ANIMALS, WITH THEIR MAHOUTS, AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE.

[Continued.] One elephant is brought up on one side of a stout dividing wall, and then the *must* elephant is carefully guided up on the other side. The spearmen close ranks and wait on guard nervously. At the slightest thing the great mad brute may run amok. The brave mahouts on his neck and the chains round his hind-legs may then prove to avail but little. The mahouts remain on the animal's back throughout the fight, but should one, by ill luck, be shaken off, it is all up with him. With lightning rapidity the *must* elephant is on him, trampling him to death. Brought face to face with his opponent on the other side of the wall, the *must* elephant rushes to attack. The two animals fence with their long tusks, seeking leverage, and entwine their trunks—and



A BATTLE OF GIANTS: A CHAINED MUST ELEPHANT (LEFT) FIGHTING AN OPPONENT ACROSS A STONE WALL. DURING WHICH THE ELEPHANT'S MAHOUTS RISK BEING TRAMPLED TO DEATH IF THEY FALL OFF, AND SPEARMEN (WHICH ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) STAND READY IN CASE HE BREAKS HIS CHAINS.



strain. Heaving and straining with the utmost ferocity, they fight thus for about an hour, when, exhausted by the tussle, they are parted and chained up again safely. . . . The Maharana's elephants are very carefully tended. Every week they are taken down to the lake and are scrubbed clean in the water. Then they must be manicured, for their toe-nails grow space and must be kept trimmed. On festive occasions the elephants are used in parade, some to draw the state coach, others to ride. They are then gaily caparisoned and painted in earth colours. The artist will probably paint wild animals on the hide. Even the grand old tusker is treated in this manner. His magnificent tusks grew so long that they had to be cut before he could lie down."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

JANUARY is a

month of stock-taking, followed, I understand, by wild work at the bargain counter, though I have never seen anything of these alleged orgies, except in the comic papers. Even reviewers are sometimes reduced, at this season, to a sort of "clearance sale" before the new "lines" in literary goods come in. Whatever may be the vogue, however, in boots or hats or women's frocks, my own feeling is that books are none the worse for being a few weeks old, or even a few months—or, for the matter of that, even a few years. Who was it who said that whenever a new book came out he read an old one? I am far from suggesting that the books now to be noticed are in the nature of back numbers; all I mean is that they are mostly the residuum of the latter end of 1928, and that there is at present a slight (shall I add a soothing?) lull in the activities of the publishers. At the same time, it happens that, although these books have been awaiting attention for some little while, more than one of them has a distinctly topical bearing on events of the day.

That is true, for example, of a very interesting volume of war reminiscences by a woman doctor entitled "WITH A WOMAN'S UNIT IN SERBIA, SALONIKA AND SEBASTOPOL." By L. Emslie Hutton, M.D. Illustrated (Williams and Norgate, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net). The author was reluctant to add to the mass of war literature until she realised that much of what she had to say was new, and "that no one had yet written of the victorious advance of the Serbians in 1918 or the last stand of Wrangel's army in the Crimea in 1920. In both of

these (she adds) "I and my unit played a humble part." Readers will be glad that she decided to take up her pen, for she wields it with great skill, and she has an eye for other things besides the ugly by-products of battle. "You will not only hear of war," she writes, "for I have beautiful things to show you too. And as you sit with me in the Laboratory Hut, examining prosaic dysentery and malaria material, the gods on the majestic snow-capped Olympus are gazing at you. When you come a midnight round of the hospital with me, you will see Lake Oстроvo black and silver in the moonlight. . . . You will work in Sebastopol, teeming with memories of Florence Nightingale and 1856, and see it for the last time when, with Wrangel's army, we and our patients retreat Bolsheviks."

In view of recent events in Yugo-Slavia, the most interesting chapters of Dr. Hutton's book are those describing life in Serbia, and especially her pen-portrait of the new Royal Dictator in the days when his father, King Peter, was still alive. "The Crown Prince, who is now King of Yugo-Slavia (we read), acted as Regent and entirely took over his father's work. He was greatly loved and respected by the Serbs, and took his responsibilities most seriously." Dr. Hutton also gives us an interesting sketch of Serbian history, including the murder of King Milan and Queen Draga in 1903. "The officer who had done the deed (she writes) was pointed out to us. . . . There are still some representatives of the Obrenovitch dynasty in existence, and they have a few followers represented by a secret society called the 'Black Hand,' members of which made an attempt on Prince Alexander's life while we were in Macedonia."

King Alexander's country also finds due mention in a book that takes stock of the international situation at the end of the first decade after the Armistice, namely, "1918 TO 1928: A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD." By C. Delisle Burns (Gollancz; 10s.). Mr. Burns has given us a book of a type that is always welcome when it is well done, as here—that is, a recapitulation of events and movements that are too recent to have found their way into histories, but for the most part too antiquated, from a journalistic point of view, to get into the papers. It is timely, for instance, to be reminded of the difference in extent between the Yugo-Slavia of to-day and the country described by Dr. Hutton. "The Serbia of pre-war days,"

says Mr. Burns, "has had added to it not only the old kingdom of Montenegro, but the old Austrian-Hungarian provinces of Croatia, Slovenia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia. Pre-war Serbia had an area of 18,650 square miles and a population of 2,900,000 in 1910; but the new State had a population in 1924 of about 12,500,000 in an area slightly . . . smaller than that of Great Britain. . . . Linguistic and cultural differences survive the union of the old Serbia with Austrian provinces, and this makes the crudity of political groups 'on the make' all the more obvious."

Mr. Burns does not, of course, confine his survey to Europe, but outlines the general position regarding America, Asia, and Africa, and the British Dominions overseas. Looking to the future, and touching on the vital problem of preventing another world-war, he says: "Some indeed have acquired the negative wisdom that war is futile, and a few perceive that the sort of peace that war can achieve is very little better than war itself. But there are many upon whose perception experience does not bite. They are unscarred. The more sensitive are broken. And in all men time adorns the memory of evil with the glamour of romance."

It may be that to the civilian mind war is more romantic within the covers of a book than in the trenches or the battlefield. For the professional soldier, however, war still has a fascination. This side of the picture is admirably presented in "THE EMPIRE AND THE ARMY." By Sir John Fortescue (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). Here our leading

own country is represented

by Lord Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and the late Lord Oxford and Asquith. Making a general preliminary inspection of his squad of celebrities, the author says: "The true statesmen were those who, looking beyond the immediate present and the apparent interests of their own country, devoted their efforts to preventing the return of such catastrophes in the future. To these and to these alone will belong the glory of having understood their time, and of having exerted a profound influence on the destinies of mankind."

In the chapter on American intervention the author pays fervent homage to the memory of President Wilson, whom he ranks beside Lincoln and Washington. In the concluding words of an impressive eulogy he writes: "The day President Wilson arrived in Europe for the first time, in December, 1918, at the height of his prestige, he said to one of his intimates, with an intuition of genius, 'I am on the road to my Calvary.' Alas, it was but too true. But if to-day his name is uttered with veneration by millions of men, if his tomb is become a place of pilgrimage, and if the League of Nations exists—it is because President Wilson died for an ideal."

There were others who found their Calvary in the war. As Mr. Delisle Burns reminds us: "In November, 1918, millions of men were still under arms. They were

the survivors of the four years during which 8,000,000 young men had been killed."

Comparatively few of those 8,000,000 have had more record than a name on a gravestone or a war memorial tablet. The fine flower of our own British dead are more fully commemorated in "THE VICTORIA CROSS; THE EMPIRE'S ROLL OF VALOUR." Compiled by Lieut.-Col. Rupert Stewart, M.V.O. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). The only illustration is the frontispiece—a colour reproduction of the Cross itself. To have given portraits of the 1157 recipients, including 637 since 1914, would no doubt have expanded the book beyond reasonable limits. The particulars of each act of heroism are given as they appeared at the time in the *London Gazette*. As the Secretary for War, Sir L. Wor-

thington-Evans, says in a Foreword, this book is "an anthology of the most thrilling deeds of valour on sea, by land, in the air, in the history of the Empire since the Crimean War."

military historian has compressed his vast knowledge into a short and popular history of the British Army, originally delivered in the form of lectures to London soldiers. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir George Milne, says in his Foreword: "The history of the British Army is really the History of the British Empire. . . . This book is sufficiently light and interesting to find an honoured place on every boy's book-shelf; it reads in fact, more like a romance than history."

Both author and introducer put the soldier's side of the question of war-prevention. Thus, Sir George Milne writes: "No League of Nations could possibly have prevented more than a very small proportion of the wars the British Army has been engaged in. . . . We have treated every great war as if it were the last. And in every case, as history demonstrates, we have been wrong." Sir John Fortescue, in discussing the same problem, says, "There is much talk in these days of making an end of war. No one has ever been able to define war or peace, and no one knows exactly what the words mean. We are supposed to live in peace here at home; but that is only through the existence of the Standing Army called the Police. . . . Peace no less than war rests upon armed force."

Yet another book that takes stock of our post-war world, while looking back upon the conflict in historical perspective, is "STATESMEN OF THE WAR IN RETROSPECT, 1918-1928." By William Martin, Foreign Editor of the *Journal de Genève*. With twenty-three Portraits (Jarrold; 18s.). Of the twenty-five memoirs of war-time leaders, the most interesting to-day is that of Herbert Clark Hoover, President-elect of the United States. Our

Lastly comes "THIS PACT BUSINESS"; What You Ought to Know, Fear, and Prevent. By Dr. W. H. Edwards (Gollancz; 2s. 6d.). Dr. Edwards is a German who recalls pre-war college friendships with British students at Göttingen. During the war he was connected with the Prussian State Railways, and has since become eminent in journalism. His purpose is to get at the realities behind the peace pacts. "Plain speaking," he says, "might have averted the sacrifice we are commemorating to-day. Plain speaking to-day may yet avert a repetition of the sacrifice."

C. E. B.



NEW RELICS OF PREHISTORIC ART FROM FRANCE: MAGDALENIAN CARVINGS—(1 AND 3) A SMALL IBEX HEAD, WITH INLAID EYE, CARVED IN REINDEER HORN; (2) A PIECE OF BISON BONE WITH THE FIRST KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF A GRASSHOPPER IN PALÆOLITHIC ART (TOP CENTRE); (4 AND 5) A BROKEN HANDLE OF REINDEER HORN ENGRAVED WITH A BISON HEAD (4) AND THREE ALTERNATED BANDS OF DOUBLE CHEVRONS (5).

These remarkably interesting examples of prehistoric art of the Magdalenian epoch were found recently by Comte Begouen, in the well-known Cave of the Three Brothers (so named after his three sons, who discovered it), at Montesquieu-Avantès, Ariège. Of Nos. 1 and 3 he writes: "The chief interest here is that the eye is formed by a small round mass of black material (stone or burnt bone) inlaid in the reindeer-horn." In No. 2 "parts of four birds are visible surrounding a small creature one is much surprised to find there—a grasshopper or cricket, easily identifiable by its cylindrical body ending in a borer, its big vertical head, and, above all, its two bent legs. It is the first time a grasshopper has been found represented in palæolithic art." In No. 4 the bison head is seen facing upward horizontally, with the horn in the top left corner, the eye further to the right, and the mouth and beard in the centre.

from the Crimea before the

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RULERS IN THEIR HOURS OF EASE: PRESIDENT, REGENT, AND KING.



THE RETIRING PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES RIDING IN AN OX-CART, AFTER A DEER-HUNT ON SAPELO ISLAND, OFF GEORGIA: MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE IN A LEISURE HOUR.



THE HEAD OF A MONARCHY WITH A VACANT THRONE, AND THE PRIME MINISTER: ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY (LEFT), AND COUNT STEPHEN BETHLEN, ON A SHOOTING EXPEDITION.



WINTER-SPORTING IN SWITZERLAND—NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS WITH PRINCESS MARIE JOSE, AT MURREN.

Here we give some photographs of rulers—a President, a Regent, and a King, in hours of leisure.—The term of office of Mr. Calvin Coolidge, it will be recalled, comes to an end very shortly, and Mr. Herbert Hoover will succeed him as President of the United States on March 4 next. When the photograph was taken, on December 29, Mr. Coolidge was returning from a deer-hunt on Sapelo Island, off Georgia. It may, perhaps, be added, for the benefit of those whose memories are short, that he was Vice-President of the United States from 1921 until 1923; succeeded as President on August 2 of the latter year, on the death of President Harding; and was re-elected in November, 1924.—Hungary

is in the peculiar position of being regarded as a monarchy with a vacant throne. The functions of the monarch are for the time being exercised by a Regent, Admiral Nicholas Horthy, who was elected on March 1, 1920. It is intended that the old monarchical constitution shall be revived in due time. The Hungarian Ministry that was formed on June 17, 1922, was reorganised on October 15, 1926; with Count Stephen Bethlen as Prime Minister.—Not for the first time, the King and Queen of the Belgians decided recently to spend a holiday in Switzerland, and they are here seen with their daughter, Princess Marie José, and with Mr. Arnold Lunn, the winter sports expert.

THE WANDERINGS OF SIR BALDWIN: "STONE AGE" ABORIGINES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"WANDERINGS IN WILD AUSTRALIA." By SIR BALDWIN SPENCER.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

IN the decades that have passed since Sir Baldwin Spencer first humped his swag, many-coloured life in "unknown" Australia has seen so many changes that not even the hero of a Johnsonian Prologue could draw them all! The telegraph-pole has proved the harbinger of wireless in the wilds; railways have thrust forward and branched out; the motor-car has usurped the place of camel and horse and Shanks's mare and has penetrated pushfully; "stations" broadcast the world from the city to the remote "receiver"; and the observant 'plane is humming its way 'cross country, over the Macdonnell Ranges, to swoop down at Alice Springs. As a result, "the aborigines . . . are rapidly degenerating and disappearing." Those who represent them are—to adopt our authority's expressive phrase—"too civilised to be really very interesting" and "too civilised to take any interest in, or know much about, the customs of the tribe."

Yet, Sir Baldwin can write: "Australia is the present home and refuge of animals, including man himself, that have elsewhere become extinct and given place to higher forms." That is what makes this story of his wanderings of outstanding importance—a very valuable addition to his "Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia" and to "The Arunta: A Study of a Stone Age People," which is by the late Frank J. Gillen and himself.

The "blackfellow"—who is, in fact, dark chocolate—the lubra, and the piccaninny have been his friends since 1894. He has talked with them and walked with them and dwelt amidst their wurlies; witnessed their complex corroborees and their intricate initiation ceremonies; been entrusted with the secrets of medicine men, pierced of tongue, malevolent and beneficent; seen the ancient, ancestral observances at births and marriages and deaths; sent natives "out bush" to seek specimens; watched the shaping of stone implements; discussed and questioned, tracked and trekked; wondered at ordeals by fire; sought, captured, skinned, tinned, and bottled, and generally so satisfied the trained curiosity of the scientific investigator that it may well be said of him not only that his learning is encyclopaedic, but that never does he darken counsel by words without knowledge. And it must be emphasised that, unlike certain others, journeys who have hurried rather than tarried, he has laboured during the rainy period and the rainless. That makes all the difference: "In the dry season, and this may lengthen itself out so as to extend over a year or two, you can travel hundreds of miles and scarcely see a living thing, except here and there a bird and ants innumerable. In the wet season all is changed. . . . It is no wonder that the accounts of different travellers vary so much. One will describe a land of wonderful fertility; another, crossing the same country, finds nothing but sand and flies, withered shrubs, and dried-up water-holes, with here and there the bleached bones of some poor beast that has perished in the drought. Both of them are right . . . ; and, by the same token, Sir Baldwin is doubly right!

Moreover, he is right to the extent of nine hundred and fourteen pages; *some* sagacity, as our cousins of the United States would have it; but a wisdom that is never wearisome. Obviously, I cannot touch upon a tithe of it in the couple of thousand words or so at my disposal. It must suffice to use a pointing-stick; not to project evil, but to indicate the catholicity of the all-good!

To begin with, then, let it be set down that the author deals fully with the miz-maze of superstitions and mummeries, symbols and ceremonies, philosophies and simplicities, ingenuities and ingenuosities, rules and rites and recollections, that are the "make-up" of primitive peoples and a constant

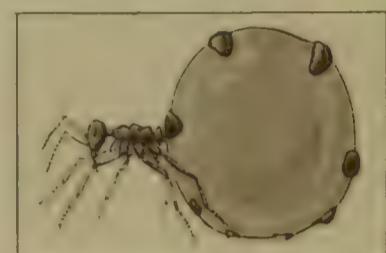
bewilderment to the modern trained to think that no period could be more complicated than that in which he himself lives and moves and has his being. In which connection, it is but necessary to cite the custom which decrees that "the mother of any woman whom you may lawfully marry is, *ipso facto*, your mother-in-law; any man whom the latter may lawfully marry is your father-in-law. These group relations are met with right through the tribe, and not only this, but there are equivalent ones amongst neighbouring tribes, so that wherever you go you are possessed of, and hemmed in by, hundreds of miles of wives and husbands, mothers and fathers, mothers-in-law and fathers-in-law, and your behaviour to all of them is regulated by a very strict code of etiquette." The "blessings" of this arrangement are mixed. "You must not speak to any of your mothers-in-law, nor they to you; in fact, they flee away at the sight of you." That, doubtless, is to the good. But "your fathers-in-law expect you to provide them with a share of any food that you secure, and, when any one of them dies—whether you have actually married his daughter or not makes no difference—you must cut yourself with a stone knife in token of mourning," which is not so good!

That is one thing; one of the oddest. It is a sample of hundreds queer in the eyes of the onlooker, but usually dictated by experience. For the bizarre has almost always a basis of common-sense. How else could have endured for so many centuries customs that seem childish, usages that appear absurd? The answer is not to be found in the assertion that the aboriginal is an infant who will not, or cannot, grow up. His code of conduct has stood him in excellent stead, whatever his more progressive brothers may argue; and when our so-called civilisation envelops him he dies.

But I am digressing. To return to our volumes. They

teem with information. I have mentioned manners and customs: those who order them and those who obey them. That is the strictly human side, and vastly attractive it is. There are others; pre-eminent among them "the moving creature that has life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven . . . the beast of the earth . . . and every thing that creepeth upon the earth"; not forgetting the medicine-man, who is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring, and the emu, which certainly cannot be ranked as a fowl that may fly above the earth, however vital it may be to the maker of cross-words!

Again to select the unusual, mention must be accorded to crabs of the dry Steppe lands; the little marsupial called Antechinomys, which looks like a miniature kangaroo; the ant that is an animated honey-pot; pouched mice; spiders reputed to bark, but actually stridulators; snails in a state of torpor; jerboa rats that make periodic



AN ANIMATED HONEY-POT: THE HONEY ANT (*MELOPHORUS INFATUS*), SHOWING THE GREAT DISTENSION OF THE ABDOMEN.

"Instead of storing up honey in combs, as a reserve supply of food . . . these ants utilise the bodies of certain members of the community for the purpose. . . . The special insect is fed until its crop, in which the honey is stored, becomes so enormously distended that the abdomen has the form of a membranous spherical bag with dark little plates, widely separated from one another on the upper and lower surfaces, which represent the whole of the hard rings covering the abdomen in the normal ant. The head and thorax form only a tiny kind of appendage to the abdomen. When the ants want to eat the honey they come and tap the sides of the honey-bag with their feet. In response to this stimulus, the honey is passed out in drops from the mouth and is eaten by the others."

migrations and "march on and along a definite route, as the Lemmings do in Europe, appearing and disappearing almost suddenly. Those that escape the birds of prey that follow them probably perish finally from lack of food and water, because, impelled by some instinct, they march straight ahead, utterly regardless of whether there be food or not." And perhaps especially to be recalled are the Echidna, a mammal in the making, which "both lays eggs and suckles its young, and, with a fairly well-developed pouch, is able to do the latter much more efficiently than a Platypus can"; and, "curiouser and curiouser," the water-holding frog. "About a foot below the surface, we came upon a little spherical chamber, about two-and-a-half inches in diameter, in which lay a dirty, yellow frog," recalls Sir Baldwin. "Its body was puffed out into the shape of an orange, with its head and legs drawn up so as to occupy as little room as possible. The walls of its burrow were moist and slimy, and the animal was fast asleep, with the lower eyelids drawn up so tightly over the eyes that the natives assured us that it was quite blind. . . . On squeezing the body, perfectly clear water was pressed out, and it is this peculiar habit of filling itself with water that enables the frog to tide over, it may be, as long as even twelve or eighteen months of drought. . . . The skin, as there is practically no evaporation going on, is kept moist . . . I tasted the water and found it perfectly pure and fresh. Each frog holds perhaps one or two teaspoonsfuls, and the natives told me that they drink it when hard pressed and no other supply is to be had save this. . . . It is only in the dry interior that they have developed the habit of storing water in their bodies. A frog is a cold-blooded creature, its vital activities are almost at a standstill when it is dormant and it needs no solid food, but it must keep moist. In hot climates aestivation takes the place of hibernation in cold ones."

After that, what is the magic of the medicine-man, however dexterously he uses the pointing-sticks and pointing-bones that have been "sung" with evil which they project into the body of the chosen victim; what the skill of the rain-maker, however careful he is to call for rain only when rain is due; what the powers of the specialists in totemism; what the vice, or the virtue, of the emu-feathers "débil-débil" shoes?

My space draws to its close; but there is another factor to which the moving finger may point while the exhibition at the Royal Academy is compelling all and sundry, connoisseur and "vandal" alike, to talk art and

[Continued on page 124.]



THE "WHITE-WASH" GUM TREE: *EUCALYPTUS TERMINALIS*, WHOSE TRUNK IS COVERED WITH A WHITE DUST WHICH THE NATIVES USE FOR WHITENING THEIR HEAD-BANDS.

"This tree is very characteristic of the Higher Steppes. . . . The trunk owes its colour to the presence of a perfectly white dust that comes off when rubbed by the hand; in fact, the natives actually use this to whiten their head-bands, and locally the tree is known as the 'white-wash' gum."

Reproductions from "Wanderings in Wild Australia," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

* "Wanderings in Wild Australia." By Sir Baldwin Spencer, K.C.M.G., F.R.S., M.A., Litt.D., D.Sc.; Hon. Fellow Exeter and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford; Professor Emeritus of Biology in the University of Melbourne; Sometime Special Commissioner for the Commonwealth Government of Australia and Chief Protector of Aborigines in the Northern Territory. Two Volumes. Fully Illustrated in Black-and-White and in Colours. (Macmillan and Co.; £2 2s. net.)

INSIDE-AND-OUTSIDE PICTURES: WORKS BY "STONE-AGE" MASTERS.



"BUBBA PEIBI," A MYTHICAL PERSONAGE, SPEARING A FISH AND DRAGGING FISH BEHIND HIM: A KAKADU DRAWING ON A PIECE OF BARK.



POSSESSED OF A "SPINE" THAT Rattles AND A BODY THAT IS ALL BONE: THE "DEBIL-DEBIL" CALLED "AUENAU," A GEIMBIO SPIRIT.



A SPECIAL FORM OF "MORMO," A MISCHIEVOUS MYTHICAL BEING OF WHOM THE NATIVES ARE VERY MUCH AFRAID, AND A TALKER TO THE DEAD: THE 4-FT. 6-IN. "INGWALIN" CARRYING A CLUB AND A BUNCH OF FEATHERS

ILLUSTRATING THE NATIVE METHOD OF SHOWING THE INSIDE AS WELL AS THE OUTSIDE OF A SUBJECT WHEN THE BEAST DEPICTED IS ONE OF THE ANIMALS THEY USE FOR FOOD: A RARE FORM OF BLACK KANGAROO (WITH BACKBONE AND SO FORTH DEPICTED) BEING SPEARED BY A KAKADU NATIVE.



ILLUSTRATING THE NATIVE METHOD OF SHOWING HUMAN BEINGS OUT OF PROPORTION, AS MERE ACCESSORIES: A DRAWING OF A KANGAROO HUNT, BY A KAKADU.



SHOWING THE BACKBONE AND OTHER DETAILS: A DRAWING ON BARK OF A BARRAMUNDA FISH - AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE NATIVE METHOD OF SHOWING THE INTERIOR ECONOMY OF CREATURES WHOSE ANATOMY THEY KNOW, HAVING CUT THEM UP FOR EATING!



SHOWING THE OESOPHAGUS, BACK-BONE, ALIMENTARY CANAL, LIVER, GIZZARD, AND SO ON: A DRAWING OF AN OLD MALE PALMATED GOOSE.



A DRAWING WITH A RARE SUBJECT IN A ROCK SHELTER ON THE HILLS ALONG THE ALLIGATOR RIVER: A GRIME-LIKE CREATURE, WITH A "TAIL" THAT IS NOT PART OF THE PICTURE.

As is noted in the article on the opposite page, Sir Baldwin Spencer's "Wanderings in Wild Australia" contains many interesting details and a number of most illuminating illustrations of artistic work done by Australian aborigines, who, though they are living to-day, may be said to be dwelling in the Stone Age, for their manners and their customs are those of their prehistoric ancestors. Certain of the drawings in question are geometrical; others are imaginative; others are naturalistic. With the exception of the "gnome," which, as is stated above, is a drawing on a rock, the pictures here reproduced were specially made for Sir

Baldwin by Kakadu artists, who received for their labours fees varying from one stick of tobacco to three sticks, according to the size of the barks used as canvases. With regard to certain of them, the following points may be given. "Bubba Peibi" walks about at night-time only, catching fish.—A curved "spine" hangs from the neck of "Auenuau." This can be erected and wagged about so that it rattles! The knobs at the wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles represent bones that the spirit has taken from dead men after having eaten their flesh.—The "Ingwalin" shown seeks to persuade dead natives to arise.

The Myth of Phaeton and Our Time.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THOSE who are fond of swimming know what a difference it makes to their enjoyment of this sport whether there is, or is not, a goal in view! When one swims into the void without a buoy, a boat, or a rock on which to land, one can cleave the waves in all directions as one pleases, but one has not the sense of making progress. To measure how far we have come, we must turn round from time to time and look at the shore from which we took our departure. In this way it may happen that we swim much further than we should have wished, and even risk going too far, while all the time we have the impression of having advanced very little. One is always tempted to go on because one has no precise notion of how far one has gone. It is different when one swims towards a fixed and visible point such as a buoy or a boat, or a rock or a piece of land. One can no longer swim at random, but one does not risk going further than one's strength is capable of; at every moment one measures the distance one has come, and that which still remains to be traversed; and, as the goal draws nearer with each stroke, one is in close touch with the proportion of the effort made and the result obtained. Once arrived, the swimmer can rest himself and enjoy the happiness experienced after accomplishing something which he had resolved to carry out.

Do we wish to know in what way ancient Europe differs from modern Europe; how the civilisation which followed the French Revolution differed from that which preceded it? All the civilisations of the past, the ancient Egyptian civilisation, like the Graco-Latin civilisation and the Christian civilisation of the Middle Ages, had sown broadcast on the sea of existence a large number of visible buoys, some near, others far off. It was towards these buoys that each man swam, according to his strength. Sometimes storms carried away the buoys; then a whole generation of swimmers, abandoned to the hazard of the waves, were lost in the eddies of the tempest. But, when the waves were stilled, the divers descended in great numbers right into the heart of the sea and placed new buoys. Those divers were called Religion, the State, Philosophy, Art, Literature, Family, and Tradition. But one day a storm more violent than usual scattered all the buoys, and this time the divers did not succeed in placing new ones. Man found himself face to face with the open sea. That is the Revolution of the nineteenth century, the greatest in history after that brought about by Christianity. It tore away from the Sea of Life all the fixed points of arrival, because they barred the horizon, limited liberty, and made the world smaller; and it placed men face to face with limitlessness.

Let us look round us. Why do Europe and America work with such tenacity at the daily increase of our science, riches, and powers? There is in that almost superhuman effort of one part of humanity which places us in a condition of struggle with ourselves a kind of mystic volatilisation of riches in the hands of those who produce them, or those of the most powerful captains of industry. Day and night men imagine, create, and bring into action new means for increasing riches, which are already enormous when we compare them with those existing in preceding epochs, and yet seem insufficient as soon as they are produced. The effort becomes more intense proportionately as the world grows richer; as if the world in enriching itself became poorer; as if our wisdom, power, curiosity and ambition, instead of becoming satiated, grew ever greater. No one now knows at what point humanity should pronounce that old word to which our lips have become unaccustomed: "Enough." Why?

The modern world is rich, great, powerful, and wise. It can also boast of having created the most humane civilisation in history. Despite all the faults with which we can reproach ourselves, never in the whole course of history have relations between men and classes been more gracious, and characterised by a greater spirit of justice.

Though the last war was so cruel, the cruelty lay not so much in the souls and wills of men, as in the instruments of destruction, which we had made so powerful while hardly realising it. But we are anxious and discontented because we walk in a hilly world without seeing any point of arrival. We are like a man who swims in the open sea; we make an enormous effort, and it seems to us as if the effort were almost nil. We walk at an increasing pace, and it seems to us as if we almost stood still. The deep-seated fault of modern civilisation is neither materialism nor scepticism; we are in our way a mystical epoch like the Middle Ages. In all things the fault of modern civilisation is not knowing where to stop. Whether we manufacture arms or create riches, multiply populations or seek for truth, we are always carried further and further. No result is sufficient for us; no end is final. We are always marching on towards a goal which recedes whenever we seem to approach it. There is no longer any standard of riches or power with which a man or a people is obliged

arts, the beliefs, and the virtues of the past, and curses the very name of progress. At another it gives rein to its desires and plunges again into its wild orgies."

How has that new state of mind been produced? The explanation would be a long and complicated one. It has been prepared during three centuries by the critical spirit, science, nationalism, geographical explorations, wars, revolutions, and at last by the discovery of the magic of firearms. All these have created an epoch in which production, which was difficult in old days, has become easy, and abstention and limitation, which were easy, have become difficult. That is what gives an almost tragic significance to the bitter, sophistic, circumstantial discussions on the question of the limitation of armaments which take place at Geneva and elsewhere, and have such uncertain results; and at bottom it is a question at present of very modest reductions of armaments. But all the world realises more or less clearly that the enormous size of the military forces at the disposal of our civilisation may become a danger instead of a safeguard. Peace is certainly the deepest aspiration of our epoch. And yet how difficult it is to come to an agreement about the sacrifice of a few battle-ships or a few battalions! We live in a time when nothing is easier than to enlarge, develop, and multiply even at the risk of a gigantic collective suicide, and nothing more difficult than to retrench, diminish, and limit even if our salvation depends upon it.

The race in limitlessness is not the only cause of modern disquiet. There is another, deeper and more obscure. Do you remember the horses of the Sun, of which Ovid has given such a beautiful description? The horses whose breath was fire, who went without needing the whip, whom it was difficult to hold? *Sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volantes.* We know the story. Phaeton wanted to drive these redoubtable horses, despite the wise counsels of Apollo; and the horses ran away with him. But that old Pagan myth has a certain significance for our epoch. The nineteenth century also wanted to drive horses whose breath was fire, despite the wise counsels of a number of Apollos who all agreed in foretelling the most terrible catastrophes; like Phaeton, it bravely mounted the chariot, took the reins, and was off with a bound; but, more fortunate than Phaeton, it has succeeded until now in giving a memorable contradiction to all those sages who had predicted ruin when it had set off. The horses which broke all the bridles and shattered all bits became as docile under its iron hand as a peaceful yoke of oxen.

But the wise men were mistaken because they had only taken account of the horses. They had not noticed that if the horses were lively the bridles and bits were very solid, for they had been manufactured in days when men preferred to go slowly rather than risk breaking their necks. It was to the horses of fire that the marvels of the nineteenth century were attributed; to the new ideas of liberty and progress which, so powerfully stimulated the wills and intelligence of the latter generations. This explanation is true but incomplete. The nineteenth century had inherited from the ancient civilisations a certain number of moral, intellectual, and political principles of discipline, which, being more or less in conflict with the new principles of liberty and progress, served as a curb. The secret of the nineteenth century, the deep-seated cause of its spring, which was at once grandiose and measured, lies in that balance between the new impulses and the old restraining fetters.

From that point of view, the hundred years which elapsed between 1815 and 1914, from Waterloo to the Battle of the Marne, were probably a unique moment in the history of humanity. It was the only moment in which, thanks to that wonderful balance, a part of humanity was able to enjoy order and to couple strength with gentleness of manners. At no time and in no place were there so much order and so much liberty as in Europe and a part of America during the last century.

The masterpiece of that balance was the modern army. During the nineteenth century Continental Europe succeeded for the first time in the history of the world in applying

[Continued on page 114.]

* G. Ferrero. "Between the Old World and the New." London—New York. 1914.



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK BLESSES THE PEOPLE AFTER HIS ENTHRONEMENT: DR. WILLIAM TEMPLE PRONOUNCING A BENEDICTION ON THE MULTITUDE ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE YORK MINSTER.

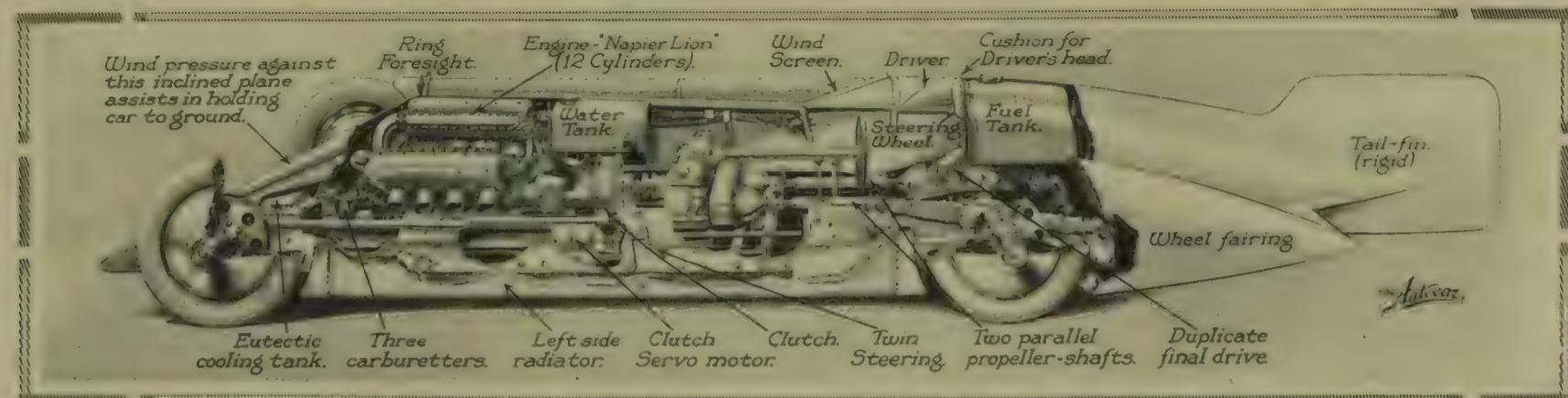
Dr. William Temple, son of the late Dr. Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and himself formerly Bishop of Manchester, was enthroned as Archbishop of York, in York Minster, on January 10. There was a large gathering of Bishops and other clergymen. After the enthronement ceremony, Dr. Temple delivered two addresses—one to the clergy in the choir, and the other to the great company of the laity that filled the nave. Having received the homage of the clergy as they walked in procession before him, he then passed out of the Minster and, from a platform outside the west doors, he faced a great multitude of people who had been waiting in the snow and mist, and gave his blessing to the city, the diocese, and the province of York.

to declare itself satisfied. That explains why discontent grows with the growth of success.

"Ought there to be a qualitative criterion, which should be the measure of quantity? Or, to put it more clearly, ought there to be a limit to man's desires and to the quantity of riches; and, if so, what limit? An aesthetic limit? A moral limit? Where are we to draw the line between legitimate needs and extravagance? We ought to want a criterion to distinguish legitimate consumption from extravagance and dissipation. We ought to want a limit of quantity; we ought to want it, and that is enough! But, alas! we have passed beyond the bounds. The 'great will' of our epoch wavers in the unlimited and is irresolute. It wants, and then does not want. At one time it deplores the slimy abundance which is covering the world and misusing the

AN £18,000 CAR FOR THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD: "GOLDEN ARROW."

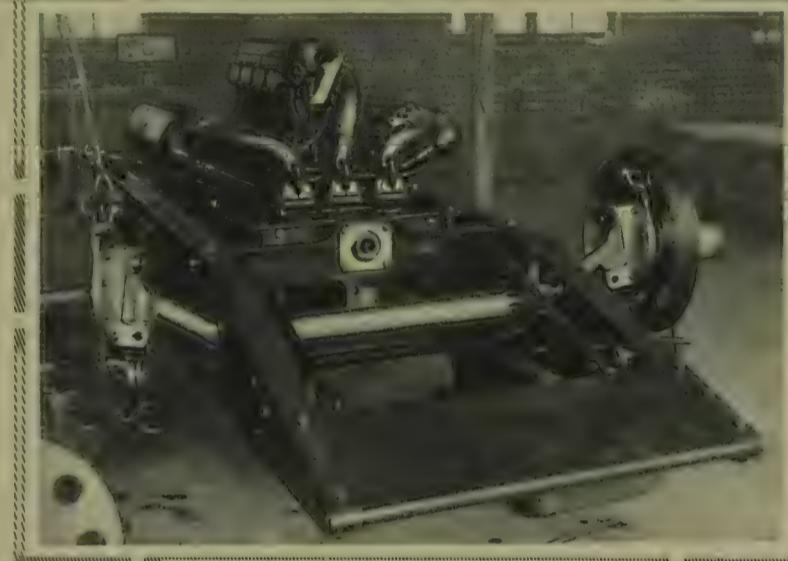
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE "AUTOCAR."



THE NEW RACING CAR DESIGNED BY CAPTAIN J. S. IRVING FOR MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE TO ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD: A DRAWING OF THE MACHINE (WITH OUTER COVER CUT AWAY DIAGRAMMATICALLY) SHOWING THE INTERIOR MECHANISM, INCLUDING "EUTECTIC" COOLING SMALL METAL CHAMBERS (CONTAINING A CHEMICAL SUBSTANCE CAUSING INTENSE COLD) PLACED IN A TANK WHERE WATER CIRCULATES PAST THEM.

In the great car here illustrated Major H. O. D. Segrave is to attempt to regain for Britain the world's land speed record. In the course of a detailed description, the "Autocar" says: "A group of sportsmen has made it possible for England to construct some £18,000 worth of motor car to journey half across the world for some thirty seconds' furious action on the long stretch of beach at Daytona, in Florida. Surely this is Romance in its highest form. The giant car, if it be successful, has in effect a useful life of just those few seconds. . . . The present record, held by the White Special, driven by Ray Keech for America, stands at 207.55 m.p.h. over a mile. To build a car capable of such a feat is a gigantic task. Except one or two trial spins the machine cannot be

[Continued opposite.]



THE THREE CARBURETTERS IN FRONT OF THE NAPIER LION ENGINE:
A FRONT VIEW OF THE CAR.

tested beforehand. No one knows how this gigantic 'projectile' will hold the sand, or whether it will be even possible to handle it at somewhere near 250 m.p.h. It goes without saying that the driver must have high courage and exceptional skill. . . . The new machine bears the name of the Irving Special, and the nickname, or rather pet name, of the Golden Arrow. It is one of the finest and fastest-looking cars that have ever been built. From beginning to end the whole has been laid out by Captain J. S. Irving. The engine is a twelve-cylinder broad-arrow type Napier Lion. . . . A group of Claudel-Hobson carburetors supplies the mixture without a supercharger, the air intakes being cunningly set in the body so as to receive the full blast of the external air while the car is

[Continued below.]



THE "IRVING SPECIAL" (MORE FAMILIARLY NAMED THE "GOLDEN ARROW") GOING AT FULL SPEED: AN ARTIST'S VISION OF THE GIANT RACING CAR AS IT WILL APPEAR DURING ITS "THIRTY SECONDS' FURIOUS ACTION ON THE LONG STRETCH OF BEACH AT DAYTONA, IN FLORIDA," FOR WHICH IT IS TO JOURNEY HALF ACROSS THE WORLD.

[Continued.]

running. . . . Provision has also been made for what is called eutectic cooling, though this will not be used unless absolutely necessary. This form of cooling consists of a series of small metal chambers filled with a chemical substance

causing intense cold. The metal chambers are placed in a tank and the water is circulated past them on its way from the engine back to the cylinder jackets." A foresight fixed to the car will assist the driver to maintain a straight course.

NEW PHASES OF ROME'S ANCIENT GRANDEUR DISCOVERED:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ROMAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGY



A TEMPLE OF HERCULES UNEXPECTEDLY DISCOVERED IN ROME BY BUILDERS PREPARING A SITE FOR A NEW BANK; EXCAVATIONS ON THE LARGO ARGENTINA AT THE CORNER OF THE CORSO VITTORIO.



THE FIRST BUILDING OF ITS KIND EVER FOUND IN ROME: A GREAT COVERED MARKET IN THE STYLE OF AN EASTERN BAZAAR, BUILT BY TRAJAN'S ARCHITECT, APOLLODORUS OF DAMASCUS—THE PRINCIPAL GALLERY.

These photographs illustrate some of the latest schemes of archaeological restoration in Rome carried on by the Fascist Government, as described by Professor Halbherr in his article on page 96. "The most important discovery," he says, "is that of the Oriental bazaar, forming part of the plan of the buildings of Trajan's Forum, by the famous Greek architect, Apollodorus of Damascus." Its purpose was to house the trading population displaced from this quarter of the city by the other great buildings erected by the Emperor Trajan. No such exotic building has ever come to light in Rome before. In a general description of the great area of the imperial forums at Rome—one of the most magnificent sites of antiquity anywhere in the world—Professor Halbherr writes: "Each Forum had its temple. That of Venus Genitrix, the divine patroness of the Julian family, rose in the middle of the Forum of Caesar. The colossal Temple of Mars Ultor adorned with its majestic Corinthian columns the Forum of Augustus. This was the most important of all, as it contained

THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS: A VIEW OF THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR (CENTRE) AND THE SOUTH WING OF THE LOGGIA OF THE RHODIAN KNIGHTS (TOP LEFT, WITH BALCONY).



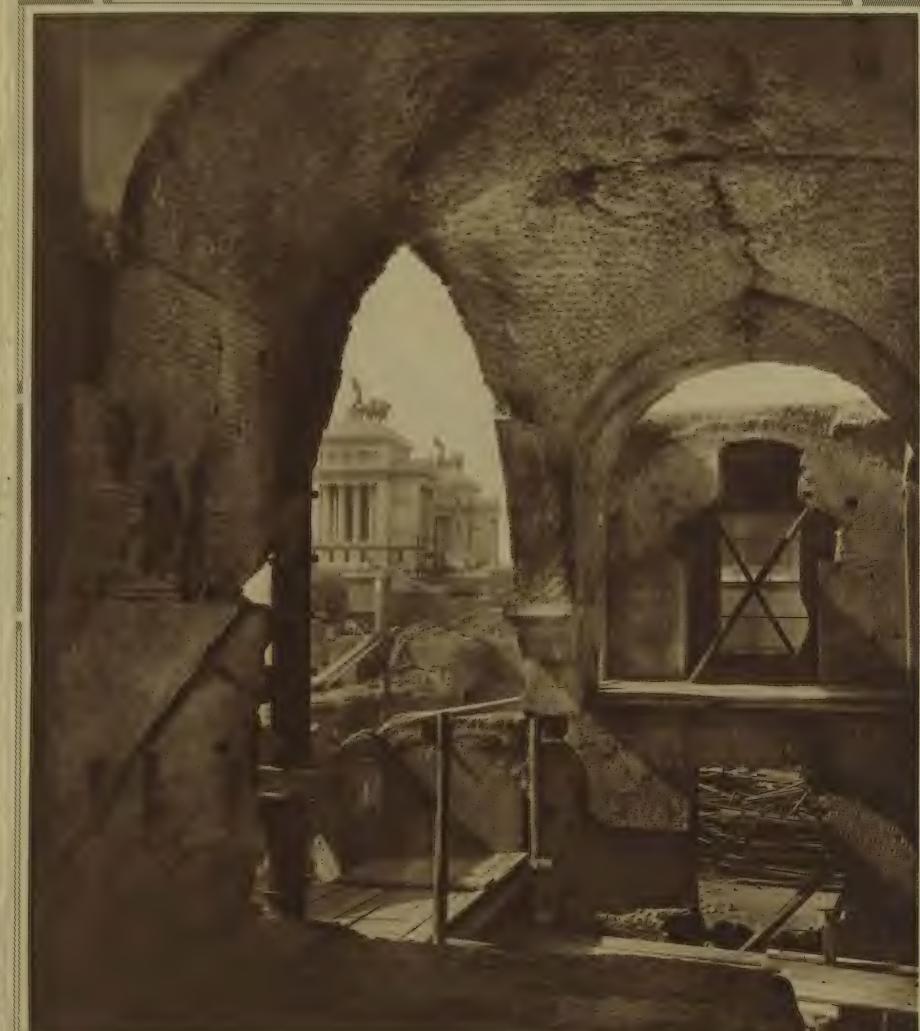
SHOWING PART OF THE NEWLY FOUND ORIENTAL BAZAAR, OR COVERED MARKET (TOP LEFT), AND THE PILLARED LOGGIA OF THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES (TOP CENTRE BACKGROUND): THE EASTERN HALL OF THE FORUM OF TRAJAN.



THE FORUM OF AUGUSTUS: A VIEW OF THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR (CENTRE) AND THE SOUTH WING OF THE LOGGIA OF THE RHODIAN KNIGHTS (TOP LEFT, WITH BALCONY).

TRAJAN'S ORIENTAL "BAZAAR", AND A TEMPLE OF HERCULES.

AND SIGNOR FARAGLIA. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.



ANCIENT AND MODERN MONUMENTS OF "THE ETERNAL CITY": ONE OF THE SHOPS ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE ORIENTAL COVERED MARKET FOUND BEHIND THE FORUM OF TRAJAN, WITH A VIEW OF THE MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL SEEN THROUGH AN ARCHED WINDOW.

the *Fauissa*, or repositories for the funds of war, the *Ærarium Millare*, and was the sanctuary where the triumphs of the imperial armies were consecrated, and whence the senators and proconsuls started when despatched to govern the foreign provinces. The Forum of Vespaſian was crowned by the Temple of Peſe, and that of Domitian and Nerva by the elegant shrine of the Attic goddess Minerva. . . . Hadrian added to this monumental row of temples the double one of Venus and Rome, built from his own plans in front of the Coliseum; and Constantine, two hundred years later, modifying the Basilica built by his rival Maxentius, completed with massive buildings the imperial works of this region. But Rome was already declining in importance, and the transfer of the capital of the Empire to Conſtantinople signed the death-warrant of its great days. The invasions of the barbarians followed, and the complete abandonment of its vast monumental areas. At the end of the Middle Ages they were buried almost entirely under rubbish; only the memory of their past grandeur survived."

A ROMAN BAZAAR IN TRAJAN'S FORUM.

AND OTHER REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN ROME DURING THE GREAT FASCIST WORKS OF EXCAVATION.

By Professor FEDERICO HALBHERR. (See Illustrations on pages 94 and 95.)

THE year 1928 was particularly fruitful in archaeological discoveries in Rome. Excavations resumed in the Forum of Augustus and in that of Trajan have resulted in clearing the spaces east of the Basilica Ulpia and of the Via Alessandrina, where the junction of the two monumental areas has been reached. As soon as the last obstructing houses are taken away, one of the most majestic sights of ancient Rome will be opened to the admiration of the public. During excavations in the eastern exedra of the Forum of Trajan there came to light, at the back of it, a huge and peculiar building, which had lain buried under the Barracks of Magnanapoli, now demolished, and proved to be a large covered market of quite an exotic character. Its galleries were flanked on both sides by rows of shops occupying the whole of the first and second floors; while at a deeper level, along the ancient road, other shops are emerging into view. No fewer than 150 shops have so far been excavated.

The accumulation of so many shops behind this Forum is explained by Professor Giglioli, the distinguished Roman archaeologist, by the fact that the quarter between the Quirinal and the Capitol, one of the most central of Imperial Rome, was demolished at the beginning of the second century A.D. in order to make room for the magnificent buildings entrusted by the Emperor Trajan to his great architect, Apollodorus of Damascus. All the trading population of this ward—composed, for the most part, of foreign, chiefly Oriental, merchants—was consequently dislodged and installed into a colossal building made for the purpose on the pattern of an Asiatic bazaar, of a type which must have been very familiar to the imperial architect. No building of this kind has previously been found in Rome, or in any Roman or Greek town in Europe. To find a modern parallel we must look at the Great Bazaar at Stambul, or at the many *souks* of Turkish Anatolia. By the excavations of the slope of the Quirinal over the market, and the demolition of the Convent of Sta. Caterina, the so-called Tower of Nero, which was formerly surrounded by a crowd of humble buildings, mediæval and modern, has been almost entirely isolated, and in a few months it will soar up majestically like an enormous sky-scraper, overlooking the resurrected Forums of the early and the middle Empire.

On the Largo Argentina, at the corner of the Corso Vittorio, during the demolition of a block of houses, made in order to enlarge the street and erect palatial premises for a bank, as the first underground stratum was reached, such a considerable mass of ruins was brought to light—marble columns, friezes, reliefs, and, later on, parts of the substructure of a temple—that the scheme of modern building on the site had to be abandoned, and the ground has been occupied by the Archaeological Department of the city of Rome. The remains found seem to belong to a sanctuary of

Hercules, which will be restored with the extant fragments, and, surrounded by a garden, will form a great archaeological square in the heart of the city. The completion of the excavations of the Tombs of the Scipios, and the beginning of those in the Mausoleum of Augustus and in the Circus Maximus, are also amongst the works of the sixth year of the Fascist administration in the Italian capital. Before the next birthday of Rome—April 21, 1929—we are also

promised that we shall see the first of the two sunken pleasure-galleys of Caligula salved from the waters of Lake Nemi.

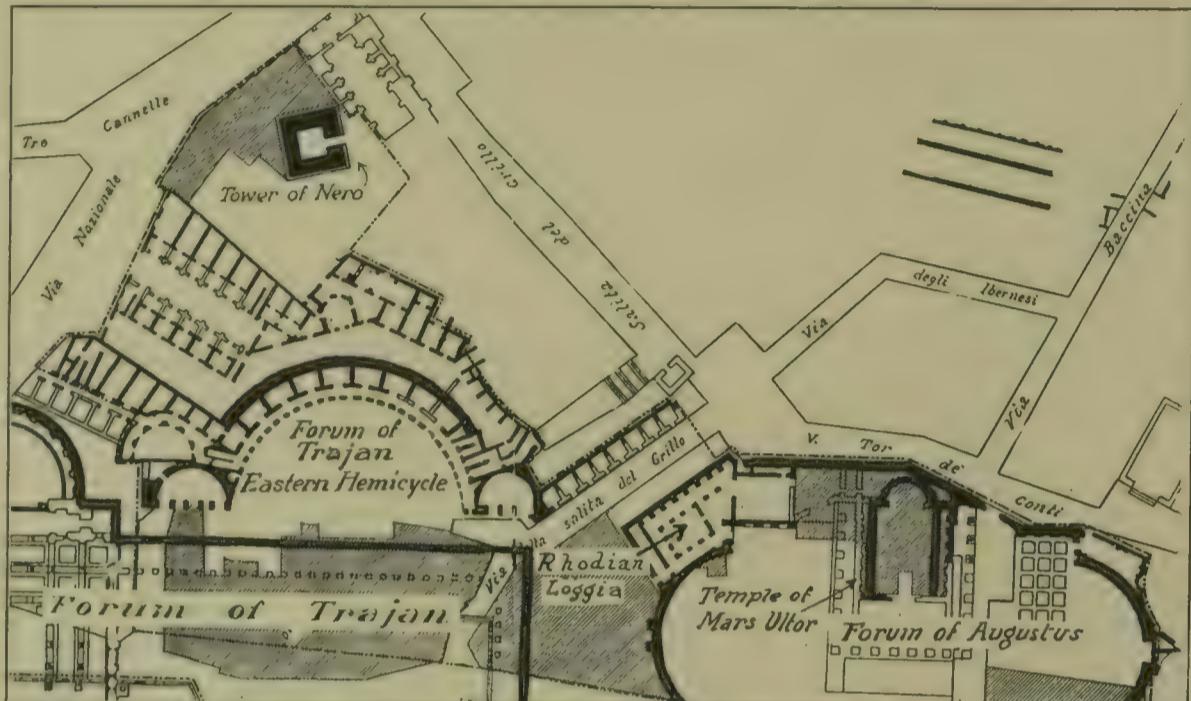
It is interesting now to recall the inception of all these great works of archaeological reconstruction in Italy. Fifteen years ago, on the eve of the Great War, plans were prepared by Senator Corrado Ricci—then Director-General of the Italian Department of Antiquities and Fine Arts—for the complete

excavation of the Imperial Forums of Rome. Successively built by Augustus, Vespasian, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan, in order to provide the Roman people with large monumental places of resort, and to embellish the capital of the Empire, they covered—together with the old Republican Forum, with which they were connected by that of Caesar—a surface of about 335,000 square yards, extending from Trajan's Temple to the Coliseum in one direction, and from the eastern wall of the Forum of Augustus to the borders of the Velabrum in the other.

It is said that Raphael was the first to conceive the plan of bringing to light all the Roman Forums, of which he admired the ruins scattered among the orchards and wretched little houses risen over them. But the huge plan greatly surpassed the possibilities of those times, and, moreover,

Raphael himself died too young to further the undertaking. It was only in the last century that the greater part of the Republican Forum was brought to light, by the admirable excavations which began with the works of Fea and Canina, and ended with the epoch-making discoveries of Lanciani and Boni; but the Imperial Forums, excepting some few parts of those of Augustus, Nerva, and Trajan, remained buried in the earth, or hidden inside mediæval and modern structures, till the present day. And they would still be left there concealed, if the plans of the late Professor Tolomei, and the more concrete and practical one of Senator Ricci, interrupted by the war, had not found, after a lapse of more than ten years, the most energetic and successful support from the Royal Commissioner of the Municipality of Rome, Senator Cremonesi.

Overcoming the financial difficulties, and those involved in the housing problems of the Italian capital, Senator Cremonesi succeeded in taking the enterprise into his own hands and inaugurating, on the Birthday of Rome, April 21, 1924, the preliminary works for the excavation of the Forum of Augustus, with the immediate evacuation of the spaces and houses built over its area. This was almost entirely occupied by the great Convent of the Nuns of the Annunciation, which covered, with its garden, the temple-court of Mars Ultor, and, with the structures on its northern side, many courts, halls, rooms and corridors of the left hemicycle of the Forum itself. Some of these rooms were still utilised by the nuns as storehouses, laundries, and so on. Considerable



SHOWING THE SO-CALLED "TOWER OF NERO," THE EASTERN HEMICYCLE OF TRAJAN'S FORUM (BEHIND WHICH HAS BEEN FOUND HIS ORIENTAL COVERED MARKET) AND THE ADJOINING FORUM OF AUGUSTUS: A PLAN OF THAT PART OF THE SITE OF THE IMPERIAL FORUMS IN ROME WHERE NEW DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN MADE.

The rectangular building at the top left-hand corner of the Forum of Augustus, between the Temple of Mars and the eastern hemicycle of Trajan's Forum, is the fifteenth-century loggia of the Rhodian Knights, mentioned in the accompanying article.

By Courtesy of Professor Federico Halbherr.



THE SO-CALLED "TOWER OF NERO," FROM WHICH HE WAS POPULARLY SUPPOSED TO HAVE WATCHED THE BURNING OF ROME, BUT ACTUALLY A MEDIÆVAL MONUMENT, NOW ALMOST ISOLATED FROM MODERN BUILDINGS: AN OUTSTANDING RESULT OF THE RECENT CLEARANCE OF ANCIENT SITES IN ROME.

The Torre del Milizie, or "Tower of Nero," as it is popularly called, was built about 1200 A.D. Its summit commands a fine view over the greatest archaeological site in Rome, the spacious area of the Imperial Forums, now cleared of encumbering modern buildings.

(Continued on page 114)

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

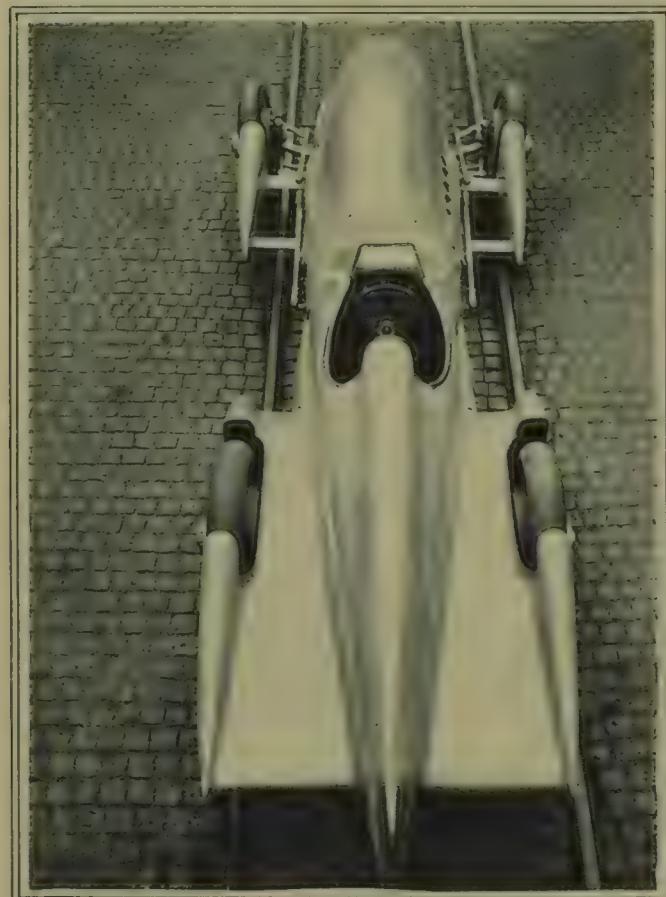


THE RIVAL ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE LAND SPEED RECORD OF 207.5 MILES AN HOUR SET UP BY MR. DAY KEECH: CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S "BLUE BIRD," WHICH HE WILL RACE ON THE BAKED CLAY OF VERNEUK PAN—A REAR VIEW.
Two endeavours to break the land speed record are to be made before long. As we note elsewhere in this number, Major H. O. D. Segrave is to attempt to beat Mr. Day Keech's record of 207.5 miles an hour on the sands of Florida, and Captain Malcolm Campbell is to make a kindred attempt on a stretch of baked clay in South Africa—Verneuk Pan, a dried-up lake some four

(Continued opposite.)



THE DRIED-UP LAKE ON WHICH CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL WILL DRIVE HIS NEW RACING CAR, "BLUE BIRD," IN THE HOPE OF ATTAINING A SPEED GREATER THAN 207.5 MILES AN HOUR: TESTING THE SURFACE OF VERNEUK PAN.
hundred miles from Capetown. According to a "Daily Mail" correspondent, Captain Campbell received a while ago a warning against mirages which make wisps of grass look like dense scrub, and a notification that it might take some time to remove small stones from the course. In addition to his great Napier-Arrol-Aster racing car, he is taking with him a Moth aeroplane.



SHOWING THE REMARKABLE STREAM-LINE AND THE "FIN" DESIGNED TO HOLD THE CAR TO THE GROUND: THE NAPIER-ARROL-ASTER "BLUE BIRD" FOR THE SPEED ATTEMPT AT VERNEUK PAN.



A CONTRAST TO THE RECEPTION OF SIR JOHN SIMON AND HIS COMMISSION: PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU, PRESIDENT OF THE SITTINGS OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS, CONDUCTED ACROSS THE HOWRAH BRIDGE, CALCUTTA, IN A TRIUMPHAL CAR DRAWN BY THIRTY-FOUR WHITE HORSES.
Sir John Simon and the members of his Commission reached Calcutta on December 21, and were duly garlanded. They then drove in cars across Howrah Bridge. The crowd watched them pass in silence. Before that, on the same day, the President of the sittings of the Indian National Congress arrived. He was conducted across the bridge in a triumphal car drawn by thirty-four white horses, ridden by postillions in uniforms of green and scarlet.



THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE BETWEEN PARAGUAY AND BOLIVIA: A PROCESSION OF BOLIVIAN MEN AND WOMEN MARCHING THROUGH LA PAZ TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS TO LEARN THE DECISION THAT HAD BEEN REACHED.
The trouble that arose between Paraguay and Bolivia began with a fight in which twenty-five Bolivian soldiers were said to have been killed by three hundred Paraguayans, who, it was alleged, had been trespassing on Bolivian territory. The break was of special importance, in that it involved the disputed territory of El Chaco. Matters were very serious for a time.



A DISCOVERY MADE DURING THE DRAINING OF LAKE NEMI IN THE HOPE OF RECOVERING THE ROMAN SHIPS LYING ON ITS BOTTOM: THE REMAINS OF A SMALL ROMAN HARBOUR BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY THE PUMPING.
Signor Mussolini ordered not long ago that Lake Nemi should be drained by means of special pumps, with a view to the disclosure of the two Roman ships below its waters, craft commonly called the house-boats of the Emperor Tiberius, or of the Emperor Caligula. Early this month it was announced that a small Roman harbour of stone blocks had been revealed, and also a pier.

THE FATE OF "REFORM" IN AFGHANISTAN: ABDICTION; A NEW KING; AIR RESCUES.



THE NEW KING AND THE EX-KING: INAYATULLAH KHAN (LEFT), SINCE CROWNED, WITH HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, KING AMANULLAH, WHO ABDICATED IN HIS FAVOUR.



BROTHER SUCCEEDS BROTHER, AND SISTER SUCCEEDS SISTER, ON THE AFGHAN THRONE: KING INAYATULLAH (ELDER BROTHER OF EX-KING AMANULLAH) WITH HIS WIFE (A SISTER OF EX-QUEEN SURAYYA), AND THEIR CHILDREN.



THE R.A.F. RESCUES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THE BRITISH LEGATION AT KABUL: VEILED WIVES OF INDIAN OFFICIALS AMONG THE PARTY DISEMBARKING FROM AN AEROPLANE AT PESHAWAR.



THE FIRST BRITISH MINISTER TO INDEPENDENT AFGHANISTAN: SIR FRANCIS HUMPHRYS.



LADY HUMPHRYS, CONVEYED BY AIR FROM KABUL, TALKING TO BRITISH OFFICIALS AT PESHAWAR: A SCENE AT THE ARRIVAL OF THE LEGATION WOMEN AND CHILDREN.



EX-KING AMANULLAH (SEATED ON THE THRONE, CENTRE BACKGROUND) IN DURRIE DURING THE DAYS OF HIS FORMER PROSPERITY: LISTENING TO A CONGRATULATORY SPEECH FROM A RUSSIAN ENVOY, RASKOLNIKOV.

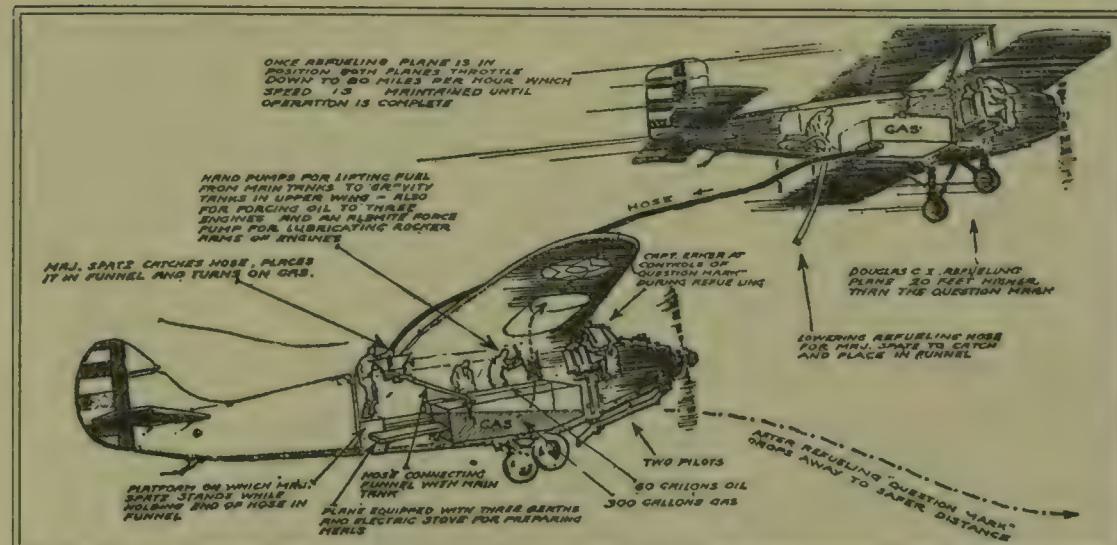


THE ROYAL PAIR WHOSE TOO IMPETUOUS INTRODUCTION OF WESTERN CUSTOMS AND COSTUME IN AFGHANISTAN CAUSED THEIR DOWNFALL: EX-KING AMANULLAH AND EX-QUEEN SURAYYA DURING THEIR TOUR IN EUROPE.

The Afghan Legation in London announced on January 14 that King Amanullah had abdicated the throne of Afghanistan in favour of his elder brother, the Sirdar Inayatullah Khan. It was stated later that the abdication took place just after the midday hour of prayer in Kabul, and that Inayatullah was crowned King there and then. King Amanullah was first reported to have left Kabul by aeroplane and then to be "on his way to Kandahar," where his consort, Queen Surayya, had previously taken refuge. She is said to have had to resume Afghan dress. Previous to the abdication there had been a strong attack on Kabul by

the Shinwari rebels. Fighting had been severe near the British Legation, but its occupants were reported safe. Sir Francis Humphrys became the first British Minister to Kabul when Afghan independence was recognised by treaty in 1922. The new King Inayatullah, who is forty, is the eldest son and rightful heir of the late Amir Habibullah, who was murdered in 1919. King Amanullah (third son of Habibullah) then obtained the throne by the aid of the troops. Inayatullah acquiesced, and had since lived as a private citizen. He is described as a man of cool, deliberate judgment, whose influence is likely to make for stability.

NEW ADVANCES IN THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR: NOTABLE FLYING FEATS AND INVENTIONS.



REFUELING IN THE AIR (AS IN THE "QUESTION MARK" FLIGHT): A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW A TUBE IS LOWERED FROM THE SUPPLY AEROPLANE, CAUGHT IN THE OTHER, AND THE END PLACED IN A FUNNEL LEADING TO THE TANKS.

We are now able to give an actual photograph of the refueling of the U.S. Army aeroplane, "Question Mark," while in the air, during her great endurance flight. As noted in our issue of January 12, with a photograph of her interior, she flew continuously for 150 hours 46 minutes, or over six days, thus breaking all duration records. We also give above a diagram (reproduced

from the "Los Angeles Times") showing details of this refueling system. "Directly behind the pilots on the floor (says the same paper) are the huge fuel-tanks, which hold over 300 gallons of gasoline and about 60 gallons of oil. Connecting the tanks with the funnel, which receives gas and oil from the refueling plane, are long pipes which may be disconnected."



THE U.S. ARMY AEROPLANE "QUESTION MARK" (BELOW) BEING REFUELLED IN THE AIR FROM ANOTHER MACHINE: AN INCIDENT OF THE RECORD SIX DAYS' FLIGHT.



THE MEMORABLE AIR RESCUES OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM KABUL: A VICKERS-VICTORIA TROOP-CARRIER AT PESHAWAR AFTER LANDING THE BRITISH LEGATION PARTY.

The abdication of King Amanullah and the reports of renewed fighting, just previous to that event, between his troops and the rebel forces around the British Legation at Kabul, lend additional interest to the gallant work of the Royal Air Force in conveying British and other women and children from that city to safety at Peshawar. The flights were made at great risk



THE VICKERS-VICTORIA TROOP-CARRIER THAT BROUGHT TWENTY WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM THE BRITISH LEGATION AT KABUL: A NEARER VIEW OF THE MACHINE AFTER ITS ARRIVAL AT PESHAWAR.

over mountainous country where a forced descent would have been perilous and probably fatal, and furthermore, in intensely cold weather. Besides the British Legation party, the R.A.F. machines (Vickers-Victoria troop-carriers) rescued women and children of various other nationalities—French and German (as shown on our front page) Italian, Turkish, Indian, and Persian.



A DEVICE THAT MADE POSSIBLE AN ALTITUDE RECORD: A SUPERCHARGER ON A U.S. ARMY AEROPLANE. This photograph, which reaches us from New York, is described thus: "G.E. supercharger on a U.S. Army experimental airplane, which made possible a record altitude flight of 37,854 ft. by Captains Street and Stevens, of Wright Field." The note bears date November 14.



SAY TO BE THE FIRST ENTIRELY STREAM-LINED AEROPLANE EVER BUILT IN AMERICA, AND INCAPABLE OF A VOLUNTARY TAIL-SPIN: "THE SCOUT."

"America's first 100 per cent. stream-lined plane," says a note with this photograph, "was given initial tests recently at Los Angeles. It is called 'The Scout,' and is said to have reached an altitude of 1000 ft. and attained a speed of 200 m.p.h., making a smooth landing at 40 m.p.h. It has a wing-spread of 35 ft. and is constructed of ply-wood. It is believed to be impossible for the little craft to go into a voluntary tail-spin."

A GREAT SEASON IN THE HUNTING FIELD: ENGLAND'S PREMIER SPORT AT ITS BEST.

DRAWING BY LIONEL EDWARDS; MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" (COPYRIGHTED.)



"ALL SONS OF TRUE BLUE"—AND BUFF: THE START OF A TYPICAL RUN WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S—"AWAY FROM BEECH COPE, LYEGROVE."

Hunting folk, it is said, have so far this season been enjoying exceptionally fine sport, for it is many years since there has been such a general absence of frost, snow, foot-and-mouth disease, and other troubles that are apt to beset the fox-hunter. Such famous packs as the Quorn, the Belvoir, and the Cottesmore, for example, have seldom had such an uninterrupted season. Both in the Shires and elsewhere there have been many brilliant runs this year, a fact which is attributed partly to the good weather conditions, and partly to the skill of the huntsmen, both

professional and amateur. Among the best of the amateur huntsmen, of course, is the Duke of Beaufort, while the Duchess is in the front rank of women riders. The ducal pack in the Badminton country is known as the "Blue and Buff," from the distinctive colours of its uniform. A famous West Country hunting ballad, "Arscott of Tetcott," it may be recalled, tells of "three jolly fox-hunters, all sons of true blue." In the above drawing, Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, illustrates a typical scene at the start of a run with the Duke of Beaufort's.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

THE FIFTH EARL HOWE.
(Viscount Curzon.) Has just succeeded to the title on the death of his father. M.P. (U.) for South Battersea. London Whip to the Unionist Central Office. Well known as a



THE FOURTH EARL HOWE.
Died on January 10, aged sixty-seven. Treasurer of H.M.'s Household, 1896-1900; a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, 1900-1; then to King Edward; Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra, 1903-25.



THE DICTATORSHIP IN YUGOSLAVIA : GENERAL PERA ZHIVKOVITCH, THE PRIME MINISTER, COMMANDER OF THE GUARD DIVISION IN BELGRADE. (LEFT.)

To many, General Zhivkovitch is "the power behind the Throne." In his youth he was connected with the military secret society some of whose members killed King Alexander Obrenovitch and Queen Draga of Serbia in 1903. He defended Belgrade against Mackensen in 1915.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE NINTH EARL OF EGмонт.

Died on January 10 at the age of seventy. Sat in the House of Lords as Baron Lovell and Holland. At one time in the Merchant Service; and later in the Natal Mounted Police.



THE SIXTH BARON ATHLUMNEY

Died on January 8 at the age of sixty-three. Formerly in the Coldstream Guards. Provost-Marshal of London during the Great War. Saw service in Africa, including the Boer War.

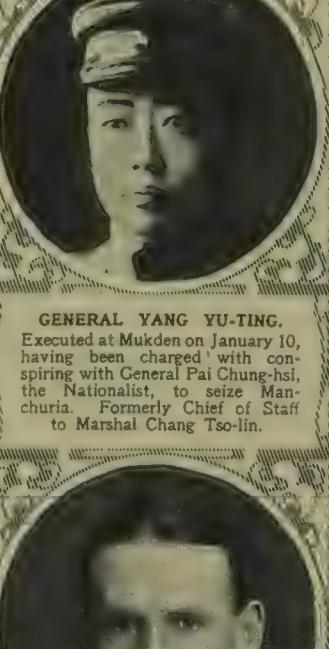


MR. F. W. MAZE.

New Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China, in place of Mr. A. H. F. Edwards. Appointed by State Council at Nanking. Joined the service in December, 1891. His mother was a sister of the late Sir Robert Hart.



GEN. CHANG HSUEH-LIANG.
Reported to have seized the arsenal at Mukden, and to have ordered the summary executions of Yang Yu-ting and Chang Yin-huai. Son of the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin.



GENERAL YANG YU-TING.
Executed at Mukden on January 10, having been charged with conspiring with General Pai Chung-hsi, the Nationalist, to seize Manchuria. Formerly Chief of Staff to Marshal Chang Tso-lin.



MR. EMIL FUCHS.

Found shot dead in his New York house on January 13. Born in Vienna, 1866. Well known here as fashionable sculptor and painter. Painted King Edward's head for the postage stamps. Worked frequently for the Royal Family.



DR. B. W. HENDERSON.
The distinguished historian of Imperial Rome. Died on Jan. 11, aged fifty-seven. Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Author of numerous works on his subject.



DR. HARRINGTON LEES.
Archbishop of Melbourne. Died suddenly on January 10, aged fifty-eight. Refused Bishopric of Bendigo, 1919. Consecrated Archbishop of Melbourne on November 1, 1921. Wrote much.



PROFESSOR M. J. M. HILL, F.R.S. Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of London. Died on January 11, aged seventy-two. Vice-Chancellor of the University, 1909-11. Later Member of Senate.



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD, THIRD BARONET.
Died, January 10; aged sixty-six. Well-known sportsman. Author of "Horses of the British Empire"; editor of "The Foxhounds of Great Britain and Ireland."



CHANCELLOR P. V. SMITH.
At various times Chancellor of the Dioceses of Manchester, Durham, Ripon, and Blackburn. Barrister of the Inner Temple. Ordained in 1920. Died on January 10, aged eighty-four.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY ENGAGED: THE BETROTHAL OF PRINCE OLAF AND PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN.

Continued.

King Haakon and Queen Maud, third daughter of King Edward VII, and youngest sister of King George. He is, of course, very well known in this country, in which he was educated and to which he has paid many visits. He was an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford. He is a keen sportsman, an unusually expert ski-runner and jumper, and a fencer with the sabre who was deemed skilful enough to represent his University against Cambridge; and in 1926 he won a race at Cowes in his eight-metre "Oslo." Princess Martha, who was born on March 28, 1901, is his first cousin. Her mother, who was Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, is King Haakon's sister. Her father is the King of Sweden's second brother. She is deeply interested in music and is a fine needlewoman.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY, NEPHEW OF KING GEORGE, WHO IS TO MARRY PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN, HIS FIRST COUSIN.

It was announced from Stockholm on January 14 that the King of Sweden had officially recognised the engagement of the Crown Prince of Norway to Princess Martha, daughter of Prince Charles, Duke of Västergötland, and sister of Princess Axel of Denmark and the Duchess of Brabant. There was no surprise; for the betrothal had been rumoured for a considerable time. At Oslo on the same day, the King of Norway called the Government to the Palace, informed them of the betrothal, and, in accordance with the Constitution, requested their consent. After this had been given, the official announcement was issued. The Crown Prince Olaf was born at Appleton House, Sandringham, on July 2, 1903, and is the only child of [Continued above.]



PRINCESS MARTHA OF SWEDEN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY IS ANNOUNCED.



A DISASTROUS DAM-BURST IN CHILE CAUSED BY AN EARTHQUAKE: LABOURERS AT WORK ABOVE A BURIED RAILWAY STATION AND HOUSES—SHOWING THE BROKEN DAM (TOP RIGHT BACKGROUND).
Just after midnight on November 30 last a severe earthquake in Chile destroyed Talca and caused a tidal wave at Constitucion, a neighbouring watering place. It also burst the dam of a lake at Barahona, where a vast volume of water, mixed with green slimy mud—the "tailings" from a copper mine—rushed down a ravine and overwhelmed everything in its path, causing over forty deaths. Where these gangs are working used to stand Barahona railway station, workmen's houses, and a high railway bridge.



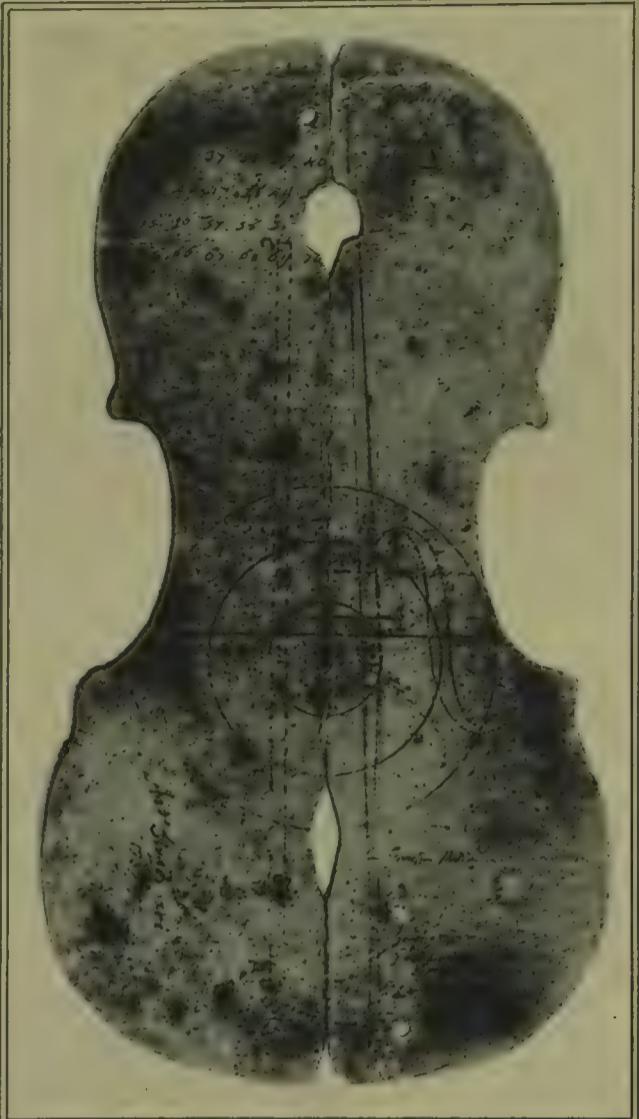
ONE OF MANY ROYALTIES DISPLACED IN RECENT YEARS (TO WHOMSE NUMBER IS NOW ADDED KING AMANULLAH OF AFGHANISTAN): THE EX-EMPERESS ZITA WITH HER EIGHT CHILDREN, INCLUDING "KING OTTO," HER ELDEST SON.



REGARDED BY HUNGARIAN ROYALISTS AS "KING OF HUNGARY": ARCHDUKE OTTO IN NATIONAL DRESS RECENTLY PRESENTED ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

The adjoining photographs of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary (widow of the late Emperor Carl) and her children were taken at their present home at Lequeitio, in Spain, where they are living in exile. In Hungary the Royalists regard her eldest son, Otto, as their King. At a recent Legitimist celebration, Count Apponyi, the veteran Hungarian statesman, said that the party saw in "King Otto" a pillar of national security. The names of the ex-Empress's eight children (with their dates of birth) are: Archduke Otto (born, Nov. 20, 1912), Archduchess Adelaide (Jan. 3, 1914), Archdukes Robert (Feb. 8, 1915), Felix (May 31, 1916), Carl Ludwig (March 10, 1918), Rudolph (Sept. 5, 1919), and Archduchesses Charlotte (March 1, 1921), and Elisabeth Charlotte (May 31, 1922).

FOREIGN NEWS BY ILLUSTRATION: NOTABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.



A STRADIVARIUS DISCOVERY: THE TEMPLET OF A VIOLIN HE MADE FOR THE GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY IN 1694.
This remarkably interesting relic of Stradivarius, the famous seventeenth-century violin-maker, was among the documents recently discovered at Bergamo. They included his manuscript monograph on the secrets of violin-making, the cover of which is illustrated on page 105 of this number. There was also a short biography of Stradivarius, and nearly 280 separate papers.



CONTRAVENING THE MOSLEM BAN ON STATUES: A NEW MONUMENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE TO KEMAL PASHA, A SUCCESSFUL REFORMER.
This monument, recently erected to Mustapha Kemal Pasha in Taxim Square, Pera, Constantinople, forms an object-lesson of the state of affairs in Turkey, in view of the fact that the representation of the human form is contrary to Mohammedan tenets. The Ghazi has been more fortunate with his reforms, in dress and education, than King Amanullah of Afghanistan. It is calculated that nearly 1,200,000 adults and children in Turkey are now learning the new Latin alphabet which the Ghazi has introduced.



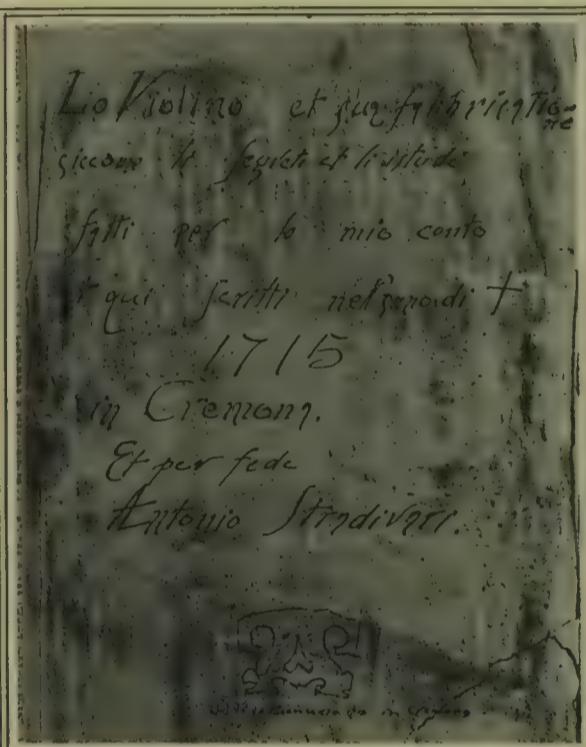
THE PICTURE EXCLUDED FROM THE DUTCH ART EXHIBITION: A LANDSCAPE OFFERED ON LOAN BY THE GLASGOW CORPORATION ART GALLERY AS A WORK BY HOBBEWA, AND REJECTED AS OF DOUBTFUL AUTHENTICITY.

The decision of the Selection Committee of the Dutch Art Exhibition at Burlington House not to accept this picture, offered by the Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery as a landscape by Meindert Hobbema (1638-1709), on the ground that expert opinion was against its being by that painter, caused much perturbation in Glasgow, and it was resolved to send a deputation to London.

THE ART WORLD: CONTROVERSIES, TRAFFICS, AND DISCOVERIES— A MISCELLANY OF NOTABLE EVENTS.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST WORK OF AN ENGLISH PAINTER BOUGHT FOR THE MADRID GALLERY OF MODERN ART: "MELANCOLIA," BY WYNNE APPERLEY. Mr. Wynne Apperley's "Melancolia" has been bought for the National Gallery of Modern Art in Madrid for 4000 pesetas. Mr. Apperley, it may be recalled, is a great-grandson of the famous sporting writer "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley).



THE STRADIVARIUS DISCOVERY IN BERGAMO: THE COVER OF HIS MANUSCRIPT MONOGRAPH ON THE SECRETS OF VIOLIN-MAKING.

This MS. is the most important of the documents relating to Stradivarius, the celebrated violin-maker, which were recently discovered at Bergamo, and have been pronounced by experts to be undoubtedly genuine.



"OVERPAINTING" PROVED BY X-RAYS: "A GARLAND OF FLOWERS," BY DANIEL SEGHERS, WITH A DISCORDANT PORTRAIT OF HÉLÈNE FOURMENT.

The Chief Curator of the Royal Art Museum in Brussels wrote recently (in the "Times") about Daniel Seghers' "A Garland of Flowers": "This exquisite picture was disfigured by a large medallion portrait, of Hélène Fourment, second wife of Rubens. . . . We doubted both the authenticity and the period of this portrait. . . . The picture, therefore, was scrutinised with X-rays, and the photographs revealed under the portrait a Nativity. We did not hesitate to have the portrait removed."



AFTER REMOVAL OF THE OVERPAINTED PORTRAIT: THE SAME PICTURE (AS THAT ADJOINING) WITH THE ORIGINAL "NATIVITY," REVEALED BY X-RAYS.



AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF KHMER (CAMBODIAN) SCULPTURE OF THE ELEVENTH OR TWELFTH CENTURY RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN SIAM: A BRAHMINIC HEAD OF DWARA PALA, IN SANDSTONE, WITH THE HEAD-DRESS OF VISHNU (SHOWN BOTH IN PROFILE AND FULL-FACE).

The two remarkable stone heads illustrated above have been sent to London from Siam by Mr. Reginald le May, M.R.A.S., Adviser to the Siamese Ministry of Commerce and Communications. They are the work of Khmer artists, and represent Brahminic figures of Dwara Pala (Guardian of the Gate), with head-dresses of Vishnu (seen in the two photographs on the left) and Siva

A BRAHMINIC SANDSTONE HEAD OF DWARA PALA ("GUARDIAN OF THE GATE") WITH THE HEAD-DRESS OF SIVA (PROFILE AND FULL-FACE): A COMPANION EXAMPLE OF KHMER SCULPTURE FOUND WITH THAT ILLUSTRATED IN THE TWO ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE LEFT.

(seen in the right-hand pair of photographs). They were recently dug up near Supanburi, about fifty-five miles north-north-west of Bangkok, and their period would be between 1000 and 1200 A.D., when the Khmer, whose capital was at the famous Angkor, dominated Central Siam. Mr. le May is the author of a recent book on Northern Siam, entitled "An Asian Arcady."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NOT long since, the Smithsonian Institution of Washington gave me a thrill of pleasure by sending me a copy of a really wonderful book—a volume on the spider-crabs of America, by Miss Mary Rathbun, of the American Museum of Natural History. That does not sound, perhaps, a very exciting event, and I fancy most people, in turning over its pages, would pronounce it deadly. They are devoted to terse, technical descriptions of those species of crustaceans which are known as "spider-crabs." The book is written, in short, by a "systematist" for "systematists"; yet, with a little careful reading between the lines, all sorts of hidden things come to light, and especially when the hundreds of figures are compared.

With the spider-crabs, as with any other types, high and low in the scale, if we take any one species and compare it carefully with all the other known species, we find most puzzling (may I say "intriguing"?) gradations, either in the

kind of food, and so escape competition with its fellows in this matter; the other may prove out of harmony with its external environment, and so will perish. The factor here is an inherent, congenital difference; and we will leave it at that.

Another factor is often the external environment, which, in some subtle way, causes animals to change their shape. As a species extends its range it encounters new enemies, a greater or less salinity of water—in the case of marine animals—or marked differences in the physical conditions, as between shallow and deep water, still pools or swirling currents. Here we meet with convincing evidence that animals can, and do, change their shape to meet the special conditions to which

they have become subjected. The evolution of moles and whales suffices to illustrate this point.

Let me turn now to the spider-crab. In the adjoining photograph of *Metaporhaphis calcarata* (Fig. 1)—I am sorry it has no name in common speech—we have a species not unlike our own spider-crab, such as can be found in rock-pools round our coast during the summer. But the "big-claws" would be larger, and the legs would be much shorter. We are simply told that *Metaporhaphis* is a shallow-water form. But I suspect it lives upon soft mud, and contrives to walk thereon by spreading its weight over a large area. Hence the long, spidery legs. Now turn to *Sphenocarcinus corrusus* (Fig. 2). Apart from the striking differences in the legs, and the enormously developed "rostrum," or beak, of the shell, its back, instead of being covered with minute hooks, to which pieces of seaweed are attached, after the manner of spider-crabs, for "camouflage," is ornamented with a curiously raised sculpturing, apparently to conceal the body when resting among stones. There are other species which present an even closer likeness to stones, the body having a triangular form with broadly bevelled edges. Unless they happen to move, we are told, they are indistinguishable from the stones amongst which they rest. In these the big claws, or *chelæ*, are enormous; while the legs are reduced to mere threads, showing that they lead sedentary lives. Turn now to the three species of *Parthenope* (Fig. 3), and compare them with Fig. 1. It seems hardly credible that they can be nearly related, yet such is indeed the case. As yet so little is known of its habits that we must await an explanation for the enormous and spiny *chelæ*, which vary much in the length and number of the spines even in these three species.

Finally, compare *Aethra scutata* (Fig. 4) with the other three! Its wide geographical range gives it an added interest, for it is to be found on the American continent from Mexico to California, and in the Old World from the Indian Ocean, through the Malay Archipelago, to the Fiji Islands, and almost identical in form. Another remarkable thing about these American spider-crabs is that the same genera, represented by hardly distinguishable species, are found both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There are, for example, six species of the genus *Mithrax* on the Atlantic side, and six species on the Pacific side; and the

differences between them are slight indeed. They are called "analogous species." What explanation are we to give for this curious fact?

There are hundreds of species figured in this wonderful book. To my great sorrow, I can give here but four. Yet I hope I have said enough to show that spider-crabs are much more interesting creatures than one might suppose after inspecting no more than our little *Dorsettensis*. *Epialtus minimus* furnishes another variant on this theme. Herein the carapace is shield-shaped, with the rostrum forming a broad, notched shovel; while the *chelæ* are massive, but with very short "nippers." Unfortunately, all that is known of it is that it is found off the west coast of Mexico and California, at low tide, and under stones and coral.

The enormous differences we find here in the length of the legs, their spiny armature, the size of the *chelæ* (which may be reduced almost to vestiges or outweigh the rest of the body), and the form of the carapace shell, are aspects of the evolution of this group which at present elude us, for lack of detailed observations on their habitat and habits. They have



FIG. 1. WITH LONG, SLENDER LEGS, DEVELOPED PROBABLY BY LIVING ON SOFT MUD: AN AMERICAN SPIDER-CRAB—*METAPORHAPHIS*.

The spider-crab *Metaporhaphis* resembles an exaggerated form of a small species found in the rock-pools round our own coasts. But in this American form the *chelæ*, or big claws, are much smaller and the walking legs ever so much longer.



FIG. 2. WITH "SCULPTURED" SHELL TO MATCH A STONY BACKGROUND: *SPHENOCARCINUS*—ITS BIG "BEAK" CONTRASTING WITH THAT OF *METAPORHAPHIS* (FIG. 1). In *Sphenocarcinus* the back of the shell is not covered with tiny hooks for the attachment of sea-weed, as usual in spider-crabs, but is marked by heavily raised sculpturing to match a stony background, while the "beak" of the shell is enlarged to form a great conical projection cleft at the tip. Compare this with the long, slender "beak" of

Fig. 1. The *chelæ*, or big claws, are not much developed.

matter of coloration or form, or both. What has caused these departures from the type—that is to say, from the species with which we started? As our search for information widens, we encounter other types having much in common with the group of species just examined, yet agreeing among themselves, and forming a separate set by themselves. The two groups, though having much in common, are yet unmistakably distinct, and so we combine them to form a genus. And as, with these spider-crabs, we begin to pile genus on genus, we have to bind them together to form a "family," combining a congeries of families to form "orders" and "classes." If we start with a class, we find the resemblances growing more and more numerous as we trace them from families to genera, and from genera down to species.

Now, this process of "splitting up" by Nature is obviously an orderly process, and if we want to interpret it we have to take a great many "factors" or "agencies" into consideration. One of these is the inherent tendency to change which, in varying degrees, all living things, be they plant or animal, present. No two individuals of the same parents are ever exactly alike, or exactly like their parents. And here we have one factor of evolution. For the often subtle differences between these two individuals may prove of tremendous importance, especially in wild animals. One may display a liking for a new

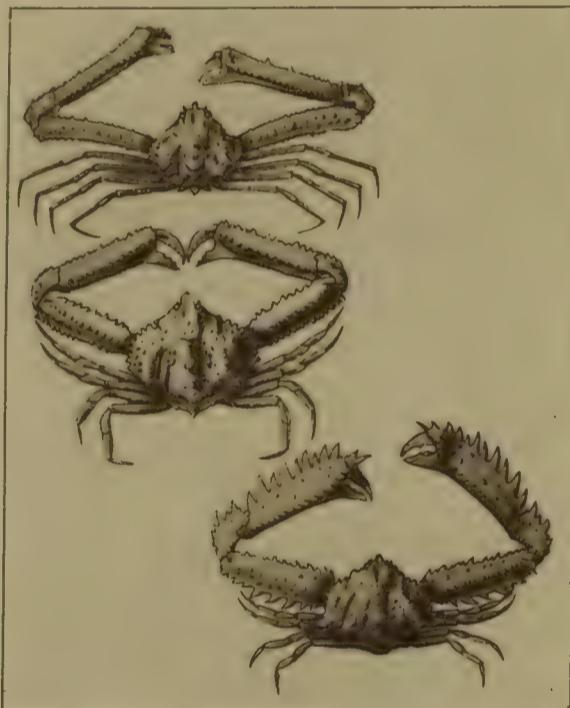


FIG. 3. WITH HUGELY DEVELOPED, "BIG CLAWS" BUT SHORT "NIPPERS": THREE SPECIES OF *PARTHENOPE*, AN AMERICAN SPIDER-CRAB.

In the genus *Parthenope* the *chelæ*, or big claws, are enormously developed, and present an armature of spines, varying in degrees among different species. The "nippers" of their big claws, it will be noted, are very short.

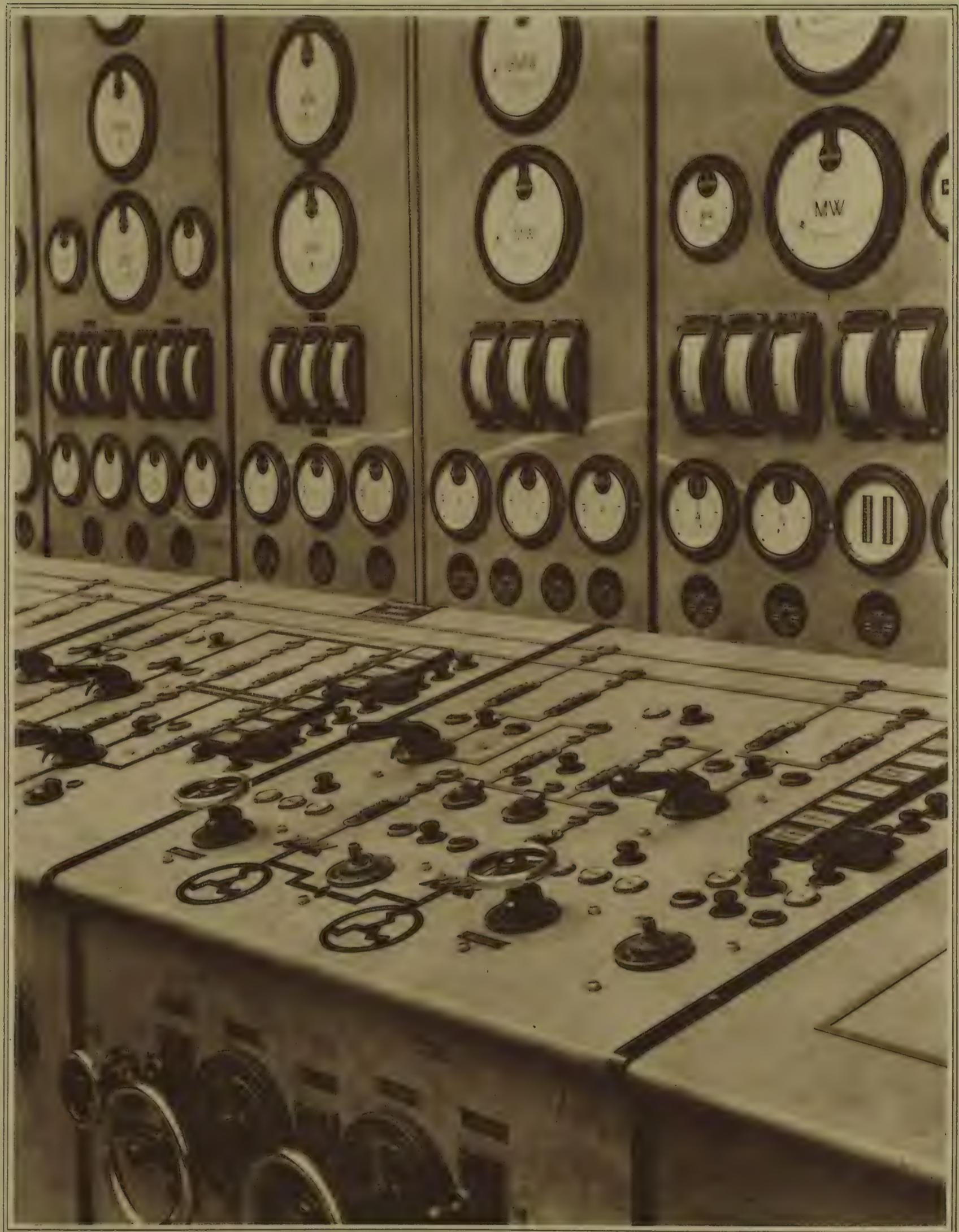


FIG. 4. OF SEDENTARY HABITS (INDICATED BY ITS SHORT LEGS), BUT VERY WIDE GEOGRAPHICAL RANGE: *AETHRA SCUTATA*, A SPIDER-CRAB WITH LARGE CARAPACE AND CLAWS.

Aethra scutata presents another very striking variant on this theme. Herein the carapace is very large; as also are the big claws, while the walking legs are much reduced, showing that the creature leads a sedentary life.

been simply "collected"—dredged up from the bottom of the sea, thrust into a pickle-bottle, and sent home to the museum to be named. Some day, perhaps, an expedition will be sent out to investigate patiently and fill up these blanks. When, in short, we know something of their haunts and habits we shall find the clue to these astonishing divergences of form and structure. The remarkable plasticity which the spider-crabs exhibit is no strange phenomenon. It is the rule rather than the exception where a large number of species is concerned. But why is it that some organisms show an equally remarkable stubbornness? Take the "lamp-shell"—*Lingula*—for example. We meet with this first in the old Silurian rocks, laid down millions of years ago. It is with us still—unchanged!

A ONE-MAN JOB! "A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME."



THE PICTURESQUE IN MODERN MECHANISM: A SWITCHBOARD OF A GREAT POWER STATION IN BERLIN CONTROLLED BY ONE MAN—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

Just as "there is beauty in the bellow of the blast" (in the words of Gilbert), so there is beauty in the marvellous mechanism of modern engineering, which may produce blasts of its own, or may be a controlling source of enormous power. Every machine or mechanical contrivance has to be fashioned with exquisite accuracy, and this fact in itself tends to a certain grace of form and perfection of outline. But there is often a further aesthetic effect unconsciously produced by the grouping and systematic arrangement of mechanical devices.

A very striking example is provided here by that well-known photographer, Mr. E. O. Hoppé, who has set himself to record by the camera the picturesque side of modern mechanism. The photograph shows the switchboard of a great electric power station in Berlin, with its intricate array of dials, wheels, buttons, and levers—all under the control, it is said, of one man. The effect is both pictorial and impressive, with its suggestion of vast invisible forces at work. Mr. Hoppé has aptly entitled his photograph, "A Symbol of Our Time."

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"THOU SHALT NOT."

IT is a curious coincidence that brings Zola's famous tragedy of passion, crime, and conscience in three-fold form to London almost simultaneously—to London, where, excepting for its initial performance in English by the Independent Theatre in 1891 and

without the scourge of conscience. He marries his Thérèse, and they spend their wedding-night starting at shadows, evoking the past, trembling with guilt. Old Mme. Raquin overhears them. The scales fall from her eyes, but in the moment of accusation she is struck with paralysis. Unable to speak, unable

to move, her accusing eyes drive the guilty couple to the verge of insanity, eventually to suicide. Though the murder of Camille remains an undiscovered crime, justice has been done.

"Thou Shalt Not" follows Zola's book more closely than the play, from which it diverges definitely in its concluding chapters; and here, I think, the dramatic tension is weakened by the exigencies of the silent drama. In the stage-play the old mother, a mute yet terrible Nemesis, dominates the final scenes. She it is who, partially recovering the use of her hand, strives to scrawl an accusation on the table-cloth. She it is who pushes a knife to the edge of the table, so that it falls at Thérèse's feet, and suggests to the desperate wife a way out of an unbearable situation. And, finally, it is Mme. Raquin whose indomitable



AN "ENOCH ARDEN" SITUATION IN A NEW GERMAN FILM: GUSTAV FROHLICH AS KARL AND DITA PARLO AS ANNA, WIFE OF HIS FRIEND RICHARD, IN "HOMECOMING."

"Homecoming," a new Ufa film produced by Mr. Erich Pommer, was given a "trade show" at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, on January 10, and will eventually be presented there. There are only three characters—two German soldiers, Richard and Karl, and Richard's wife, Anna. The two friends escape from Siberia, where they are prisoners of war, but Richard is recaptured. A year or two later he returns to Hamburg to find that Karl and Anna have fallen in love. It was stated recently that there are two alternative endings to the plot, and it had not yet been decided which to adopt. Miss Dita Parlo was recently "discovered" by Herr Pommer, and her acting in "Homecoming" has brought her to the front. She took a "curtain" after the trade show in London.

a later revival at J. T. Grein's People's Theatre in Whitechapel (1923), this fine play has been allowed to rest in limbo. Provincial audiences have been more privileged, and I believe "Thérèse Raquin" has proved a safe card to play at frequent intervals in the provinces. Suddenly, within one week, Zola the playwright has been honoured at the Arts Theatre, where the French Players gave it in its original form and language; at the "Q" Theatre, where the English version is being played; and at the Avenue Pavilion, where Jacques Feyder's fine production of the film version proves the power of this masterly study in remorse even in its silent form. The coincidence would seem to be more than fortuitous, and to point to a revival of interest in tragic drama. For here is tragedy that moves inevitably, step by step, towards its culmination. It makes no concessions; it seeks no relief for its adamantine logic; it is almost entirely in the minor key. And that even more so in its screen than in its stage form. Yet it has been hailed on all sides as a masterpiece, and there can be no doubt that it grips the audience as surely as does the suspense of conventional adventure.

The unhappy heroine is a penniless orphan adopted by her aunt, Mme. Raquin. Gratitude to her aunt, indifference to her fate perhaps, urge her into marriage with Camille Raquin, a mean little weakling who is, however, the apple of his mother's eye. Mother and son, *petits bourgeois*, revel in their little economies, their little festivities, their domino parties on Thursday evenings. And Thérèse, hot-blooded, unawakened, dreams her days away. Into this peaceful backwater comes Laurent, an old friend of Camille. He is an artist, a big roystering fellow, the *beau mâle* of Thérèse's dreams. What wonder that the two of them draw together? What wonder that they wish the inconvenient husband out of the way? For Laurent, big as he is, is a coward at heart from the start, and afraid of his love-affair being found out. It is so much easier to drown the little rat of a husband during a boating expedition on the Seine. Laurent is even able to don the laurels of a hero and pose as Thérèse's saviour. But he has reckoned



THE GERMAN WAR-TIME COUNTERPART TO ENOCH ARDEN IN THE NEW UFA FILM, "HOMECOMING": MR. LARS HANSON AS RICHARD, WHO RETURNS TO FIND HIS WIFE ANNA IN LOVE WITH HIS FRIEND KARL.

will forces her lips to speak, her body to rise once more, so that she confronts the murderers like a voice from the grave itself. In the screen-version, the mother remains silent and inert to the end, a pathetic rather than an ominous figure. Beautifully played as the part is by Jeanne Marie-Laurent, she is not the instrument of vengeance as Zola drew her.

One misses, too, the unforced humour of the Raquins' Thursday night gathering—the fussiness, the petty interests, the small-beer of conversation in the shopkeeper's parlour. Shorn of these, the opening episodes move slowly, especially as M. Feyder takes his time in telling his story. On the other hand, the setting and lighting are

superb. From the airless, glass-covered passage into which the Raquins' shop opens, to the cheap gloves hanging in pitiful helplessness in the shop-window, every detail is right and necessary; every outline, every shadow, adds its note to the general atmosphere. The interpretation is on an equal level. Gina Manes, with her strange beauty, her brooding stillness, is an ideal Thérèse. Hans Schlettow gives a powerful rendering of Laurent, both in his earlier self-confidence of the all-conquering male and in his gradual surrender to the goad of fear. A remarkable portrait of the puny clerk, Camille, is contributed by Wolfgang Zilzer, who builds up an amazingly sincere and complete characterisation with many deft touches. It seems a pity that a production of such high merit and dignity should not have been supplied with something better in the way of text than the nerveless captions that contain not even a distant echo of Zola's ringing French. With the excellent translation by the late A. Teixeira de Mattos available, it should not have been necessary to drag in a couplet of Rudyard Kipling's in explanation of Emile Zola's theme, especially as the quotation is not even apt.

"THE THREE KINGS."

A bon entendeur, salut! It is Mr. Henry Edwards whom I salute, and the reason for the ceremony is that amongst the many deaf ears turned towards the film-critic, his, apparently, have heard. I say apparently, since it may be that his own long experience as producer and film actor, combined with his sure sense of the screen, have directed his pen as a scenario writer. The persistent plea of the critics for better and more forthright stories may have influenced him less than the obvious weakness of many British films based on novelettish rubbish. Be that as it may, one is but human, and it is pleasant to imagine a responsive listener to well-meant advice. Therefore, *à bon entendeur, salut!*

The story devised by Mr. Edwards for the British film entitled "The Three Kings" is simplicity itself, but it has many excellent points. To begin with, we plunge headlong into the drama of it, without any preamble. We are at a travelling circus, swiftly indicated by a few tents, the caravans of the circus folk, and some tethered horses. A girl comes hurtling headlong from the door of a caravan. She picks herself up, stumbles away over the ropes in a desperate attempt to escape from a big bully of a man who gives chase. We are at once interested, caught by the pace of the action. The man—a lion-tamer—accuses the girl of theft. But at that moment we are shown an older woman, in another caravan, trembling and scared. She shoves a note into the bosom of her slovenly blouse. She is the thief, and she, we soon find out, is the mother of the accused

[Continued on page 118.]



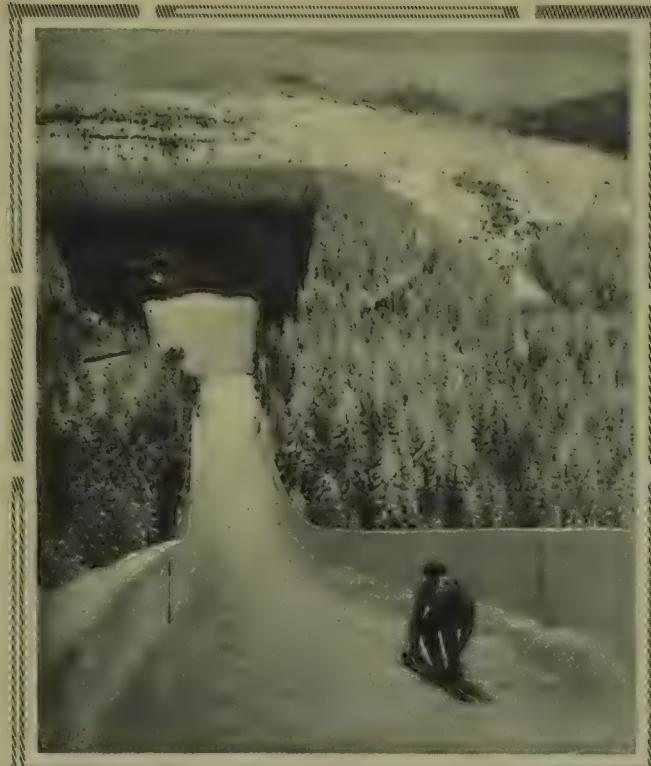
THE NEW FILM VERSION OF A ZOLA TRAGEDY: "THOU SHALT NOT." AT THE AVENUE PAVILION, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE—THÉRÈSE RAQUIN (GINA MANES) IS ATTRACTED BY THE JOVIALITY OF LAURENT (HANS SCHLETTOW).

"Thou Shalt Not" is the English title of the film based on Zola's dramatic story "Thérèse Raquin" by the well-known French producer, M. Jacques Feyder. Thérèse, a charity girl, who has married the weakling clerk, Camille Raquin, son of her shop-keeping aunt, is seen here beginning to be attracted to his artist friend, Laurent, whose love is to have such fatal results. Camille is played by Wolfgang Zilzer, and his mother by Jeanne Marie-Laurent.

WINTER SPORT PICTURES FROM TWO CONTINENTS:

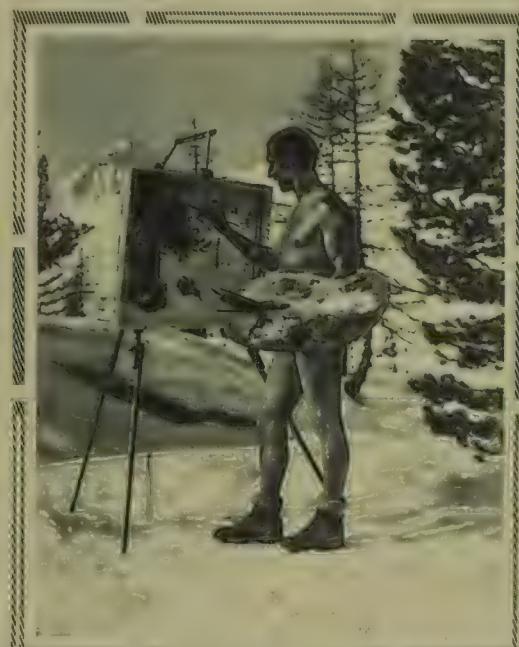


THE LATEST NOVELTY IN WINTER SPORT:
A MOTOR-SKI AT ST. MORITZ—A DEVICE
THAT ATTAINS VERY HIGH SPEED.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE BIGGEST SKI-JUMP IN
GERMANY: A VIEW FROM ABOVE THE NEW HANS HEINZ
JUMP, WITH A SKI-ER DESCENDING.

SCENES IN SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, AND KASHMIR.



A "SUN-BATH" AMID THE SNOWS OF THE
ENGADINE: AN ALPINE LANDSCAPE-PAINTER
ABSORBING THE CURATIVE RAYS.



WINTER SPORT AMONG THE WOODED HILLS OF KASHMIR: A SKI-RUNNER
ON THE SNOW IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING AT GULMARG.



SKI-ING WITHIN VIEW OF THE MIGHTY HIMALAYAN RANGE (IN THE BACKGROUND)
RISING TO 25,000 FT.: RUNNING DOWN FROM KILLAMARG TO GULMARG, IN KASHMIR.



GERMAN SCHOOLCHILDREN WHO TRAVEL TO AND FROM SCHOOL ON SKI OR
SLEDGE: AN INTERESTING SCENE AFTER SCHOOL—PUPILS ASSEMBLED IN THE
GROUNDS PREPARING TO RETURN TO THEIR HOMES.



THE ANGLO-SWISS UNIVERSITIES SKI MATCH: THE BRITISH TEAM—(L. TO R.)
HAROLD MITCHELL, GUY NIXON, LORD KNEBWORTH (CAPTAIN), "PAT" RICHARDSON,
PELHAM MAITLAND, WHITEHEAD, MACKINNON, AND ARNOLD LUNN.

Winter sport is by no means confined to Switzerland, though that is the most popular resort for British enthusiasts. It is enjoyed in many other countries, including Kashmir, and (as photographs in one of our recent issues showed) by British residents in Afghanistan before the recent trouble there. Some form of winter sport, in fact, takes place wherever there are suitable conditions. Ski-ing, especially, has spread far and wide. It has recently been seen on the Yorkshire moors near Ilkley. In Switzerland of late many winter-sport events have been decided. At Mürren, on January 5 and 6, took place the annual match between

the British University Ski Club and the Swiss University Ski Club. The conditions were excellent, there being a cloudless sky, and the snow was very fast. The Swiss team had an easy victory in both events, securing first places in the Slalom and Downhill races. The King of the Belgians dined with the clubs after the match. This is the fifth occasion on which this match has been held, the British having won twice and the Swiss three times. The Swiss team was far the best that has yet taken the field, while the British team was not so strong as usual, owing to the absence of several experienced skiers.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: ENGLISH LACQUERED FURNITURE.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

THE English language is the finest instrument in the world for expressing human thought, but, when precise statement of fact is desired, it sometimes has a tendency to weakness. For instance, the words lac and lacquer are loosely and generally applied to a whole group of substances, for the most part unrelated scientifically, and only coming into line on a very superficial resemblance when applied to certain particular uses. The genuine lacquers are those only belonging to the Far Eastern group; but even these are essentially different in composition. The sap of the *Rhus vernicifera*, the lacquer-tree of China and Japan, is a natural product with qualities far transcending any other lacquers, natural or artificial. In Burma, the sap of the *Melanorrhiza usitatissima* has similar though inferior properties, and has been used to some extent; while Indian lac, the gummy deposit of an insect, the *Coccus lacca*, as shellac or stick lac, has been well known and freely used in Europe since the first beginnings of trade with India.

European lacquer, so far as concerns its use in cabinet-making, is an imitation of the first-named of the above groups. In general terms it may be said to consist of solutions of various gums or resins in turpentine, etc. The use of this material was common in England from the last decades of the seventeenth certainly to the end of the eighteenth century. It is still used with more or less skill, both for perfectly genuine and honest reproductions or essays in the earlier styles, and also with intent to deceive. The maker of some lacquer furniture more or less on the border line explained to the writer that the scratches, artificial crackle, dust, etc., on a piece he had made were there because the public liked to have "human interest" in what they bought. He further remarked that some of his productions had been sold in New York as originals and some as copies; and that he found a certain demand for them in Scotland!

It is not easy to say definitely when lacquer furniture began to be made in this country. The fashion was probably set by Charles the Second's Queen, Catherine of Braganza, who, Evelyn notes, "brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here." These were, doubtless, Japanese; and seventeenth-century inventories contain still earlier records of "Japan" or "Indian" furniture. Export from Japan was almost impossible, since that country was practically closed to foreign intercourse after the suppression of the Christian rebellion in 1637. The Dutch, with their one ship a year, were hardly likely to have given much space to furniture; and the trading facilities of the Chinese, who were also allowed a tiny settlement, under strict guard and supervision, would not have done much more. Still, a few examples must have got through, and the careful observations and precise reports of the French Jesuit Fathers in China would have spread, at all events in France, sufficient information for practical experiment, and this must soon have reached England.

At all events, in 1688 was published the only comprehensive book on the subject that has yet appeared—"A Treatise of Japanning and Varnishing, Being a Compleat Discovery of those Arts, with the best way of making all sorts of Varnish for Japan, Wood, Prints, Plate, or Pictures. The Method of Gilding, Burnishing, and Lackering.... Above a Hundred Distinct Patterns of Japan-work for Tables, Stands, Frames, Cabinets, Boxes, etc. By John Stalker, September the 7th 1688. Licensed R. Middley and Entred according to Order. Oxford.

Printed for and Sold by the author living at the Golden Ball in St. James's Market London in the year MDCLXXXVIII." There is another edition of this very rare book with the added name of George Parker "at Mr. Richard Woods House over against the Theater in Oxford." The title-pages have the same wording, except that the latter has "Japan-work, in Imitation of the Indians," a qualification excluded by Stalker, who was probably the real author of this remarkable work. He claims for "Japanning" that "it has taught us a method for the splendour and preservation of our Furniture and Houses.... No damp air, no mouldring worm or corroding time can possibly deface it." And in this assertion there is more than a modicum of truth. He is very flattering to Japan, whose towns and cities, being so adorned with lacquer that "when the Sun darts forth his lustre upon their golden roofs, they enjoy a double day by the reflection of their beams." He remarks that "that island (Japan) not being able to furnish these parts with work of this kind, the English and Frenchmen have endeavoured to imitate it... and whereas otherwise they were forced to content themselves with perhaps a Screen, a Dressing-box or Drinking-bowl... now you may be stockt with entire furniture, Tables,

Stands, Boxes, and Looking-glass frames." He is very bitter on the subject of "whiffing, impotent fellows who pretend to teach Young Ladies that art in which they themselves have need to be instructed"; and after having relieved his mind of this and much other highly decorated and amusing verbiage, proceeds to give a really remarkable and by no means unpractical account in detail of the whole process.

Without going too far into technical details, it is worth while to refer to the woods mentioned by Stalker. He attached great importance to olive wood for "tables, stands, cabinets, etc., " "which," says he, "has been highly in request amongst us. Others are walnut, yew, box, lime, and pear." When "rough woods," such as deal, oak, etc., are used, a special priming of whitening and size is needed to form a basis for the lacquer. Following to some extent the long and laborious method of working Japanese lacquer, Stalker prescribes repeated coats of varnish, each to be allowed to dry and then rubbed down to a fine surface, until, after

several days and many rubbings, a gloss is acquired that will "reflect your face like a mirror or looking-glass."

His illustrations are engraved on copper, and we reproduce (Fig. 1) a design which must have been copied on, or at least suggested the decoration of, the doors of many cabinets. There are also designs for the fronts of drawers, for patch and powder boxes, for frames, and others for use as required. All are in a sort of Europeanised version of Far Eastern work, and do not, as a rule, approach so nearly to the spirit of the Japanese draughtsmen as do the designs on the best qualities of English lacquer of the period 1670-1735 or thereabouts. But Stalker knew his work, and I cannot agree with my old friend, the late Mr. Percy Macquoid, that his book was probably intended for amateurs. The craze was, none the less, so widespread

as to reach, as we have seen, even the young ladies' schools. And as a pleasant and worthy exercise in one of the arts, it is pretty certain that the amateurs who are now practising it in England and in France are well satisfied with the results of their exertions.

The cabinet was one of the principal pieces of furniture to which lacquer was applied in the palmy days of the industry; and many splendid examples still extant bear witness to Stalker's claim for lacquer as a preservative. Generally it is of rectangular plan, and mounted on a more or less elaborately carved stand, sometimes silvered. Writing-cabinets, very beautifully arranged and proportioned, are also most effective when decorated in this manner. In Fig. 2 we reproduce an excellent specimen of this class, in the very rare dark-blue lacquer decorated with gold, silver, and red. Stalker gives a recipe for this lacquer: the "best and finest Smalt" (glass coloured with oxide of cobalt and then ground smooth to form a pigment) mixed with isinglass-size and worked up with white lead that has been ground with gum-water on a marble stone. This is to be brought to the consistency of paint and three or four

coats applied, over which are to be seven or eight coats of white-varnish, with the repeated rubbings and burnishings already alluded to. The cabinet under notice has, on the inside of the doors, the unusual decoration of a Tartar woman with turban and high boots; and a Chinese woman seated on a garden rock with a poem.

Fig. 3 is a cupboard with shaped front, of somewhat later date, decorated in gold on a ground of fine green lacquer. The upper surface has a hawking scene, the lower an imitation of a characteristic Chinese landscape with river, fishing-boats, villages, temples, etc. One remarks, with interest, something very like the two birds of the willow-pattern plate design in the upper part of the right-hand door. Of course, these examples hardly touch the fringe of the lacquer furniture of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth century. Clocks, chairs, tables, screens—even panelled rooms—come into the story. To the observer of human peculiarities, the interesting point is that the price of English lacquer is so much higher in the market than that of the Japanese and Chinese work which it avowedly imitated.

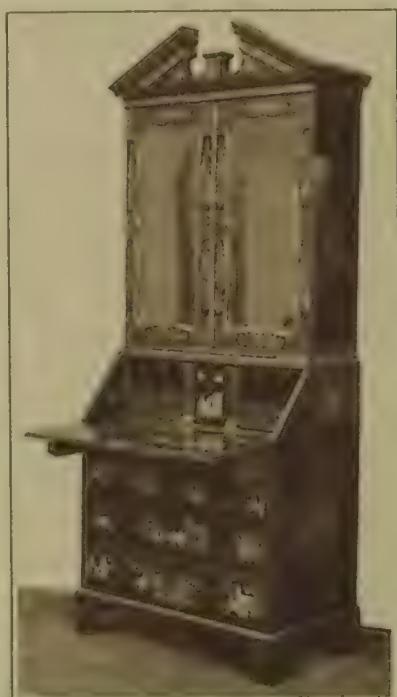


FIG. 2. A WRITING CABINET, DECORATED IN ORIENTAL STYLE, IN GOLD, SILVER, AND RED, ON A RARE DARK-BLUE LACQUER GROUND. (HEIGHT 8 FT. 1 IN.: WIDTH, 3 FT. 3 IN.)

By Courtesy of Mr. Frank Partridge.

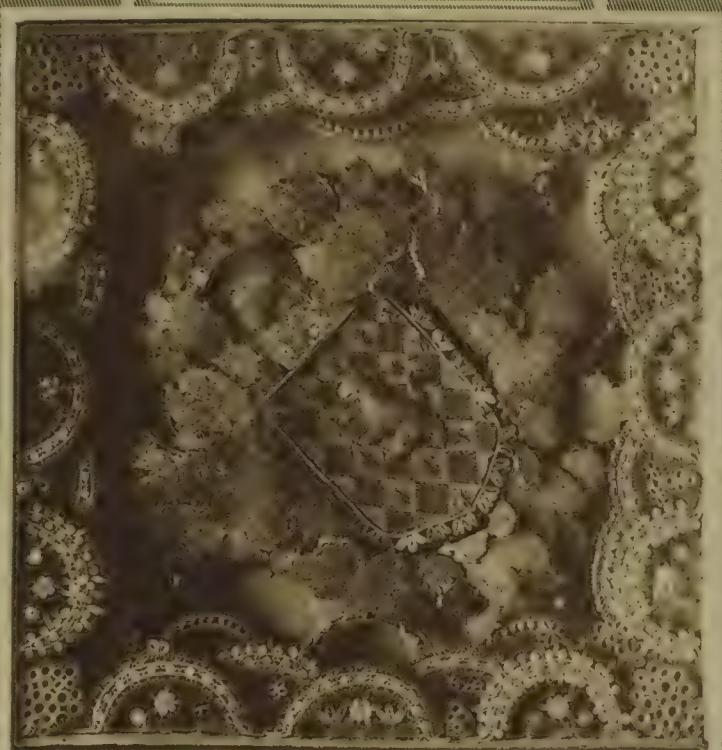


FIG. 1. "THE DANCING CRANE": AN ENGRAVING IN JOHN STALKER'S BOOK "A TREATISE OF JAPANNING" (1688).



FIG. 3. A CUPBOARD, WITH WAVED FRONT, DECORATED IN CHINESE STYLE IN GOLD ON GREEN LACQUER GROUND. (HEIGHT, 3 FT. 2 IN.; WIDTH, 3 FT. 7 1/2 IN.)

By Courtesy of Mr. Frank Partridge.



FROM THE EXHIBITION OF ROLLED-PAPER PICTURES AT THE LONDON LIBRARY: A PANEL OF ARMS AND CREST (FAMILY UNDETERMINED).



A ROLLED-PAPER PICTURE DATING FROM ABOUT 1700: A COAT OF ARMS THAT HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED.



AN ITALIAN EXAMPLE OF ROLLED-PAPER PICTURES: A FLORAL DESIGN FRAMING A PAINTED MEDALLION OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

DATING FROM THE VERY EARLY DAYS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A PANEL OF ARMS OF COOKE IMPALING OSBOURNE.

ROLLED-PAPER PICTURES: "MOSAIC WORK." PAPER CONES SUGGESTING METAL FILIGREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPECIMENS NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON LIBRARY.



AN AMUSING SPECIMEN OF THE "MOSAIC WORK" IN PAPER FAVOURED BY FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES: A ROLLED-PAPER PANEL SHOWING A COTTAGE OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

Concerning the specimens of rolled-paper pictures that have been lent by Sir Gerald Ryan for exhibition at the London Library, the "Times" had some very interesting notes the other day. From these we quote. "This filigree work was popular among the fashionable ladies during the later years of the eighteenth century, and was called by them 'Mosaic work.' The illusion of highly intricate and vivid metal-work produced by the use of paper cones is remarkable. . . . Nobody seems to know exactly where the paper came from nor by whom it was prepared. It has been suggested that books with gilt edges were often mutilated to provide the proper material, but that does not seem likely. The early specimens, whether pictorial or armorial in character, are undoubtedly English in origin, and date from the seventeenth century. Some particulars are given in the 'New Ladies' Magazine' for 1786, where the art is spoken of as newly revived. The last phase of this work is to be found in the tea-caddies and other ornaments of the Sheraton period."



A "MOSAIC WORK" PANEL OF ARMS OF LAWSON-TANCRED, OF ALDEBURGH, YORKS.



Fashions & Fancies



One of the most perfect of modern fireplaces is this latest production of Bratt, Colbran, and Co., of 10, Mortimer Street, W., which has an Ancaster stone mantel and hearth and a decorative "heaped fire" in the interior.

Modern Ideas in Furnishing. Every modern woman takes an interest in the new fashions in furnishing and decoration. Colour and light play an important part in the present style of interior adornment. Walls and ceilings, for instance, may be covered with some special new paint instead of paper, a covering which looks like marble or mosaic. Beautiful clear greens, blues, and coral are favourite shades, and for the library or dining-room a paper which looks exactly like well-seasoned leather is greatly favoured. These clear walls are designed to reflect the maximum amount of light, and, as it is well known that colour influences temperament, to convey a bright, cheerful atmosphere, or a soothing one. One flat I saw recently, which had been newly decorated by a very famous modern woman decorator, had the drawing-room with light-green walls and ceiling, relieved with very soft beige damask curtains, and the bed-room entirely in coral-pink—bed, curtains, walls, and ceiling. The effect is so becoming that it is a positive shock to see yourself in a glass anywhere else! Another bed-room was in blue and pink, and the dining-room in parchment colour, all faithful to the idea of having ceilings painted exactly like the walls. The effect is to make not only the rooms look lighter, but also larger and more lofty, for there are no broken lines where paper ends and ceiling begins. The style of modern furniture is simple, with the minimum amount of angles to collect the dust. Light-coloured woods, such as silver oak, are much in vogue, made with subtle touches of gleaming mother-o'-pearl or jade introduced in the handles and openings.

"Portable" Lighting. Modern ideas in lighting study many problems. Not only must a room be adequately lighted, but the rays are created carefully in the right proportion to give just the right amount of heat and lack of glare which the most famous scientists have pronounced beneficial to human beings. The Aladdin lamps, which have the advantage of being portable, are constructed with careful attention to all these details. The new model is an incandescent paraffin lamp as clear, safe, and convenient as other means of illumination. It burns without creating smoke, odour, or soot, and requires the minimum of attention to maintain its light and efficiency. A beautiful floor standard lamp, the one illustrated in the right-hand corner of this page, which will harmonise with

FURNISHING FASHIONS ABSORB THE MODERN WOMAN AS MUCH AS THE EVER-CHANGING SARTORIAL MODES; AND SHE CHOOSES THE DECORATION FOR HER BACKGROUND AS CAREFULLY AS THE ADORNMENT FOR HER BACK.

any style of furniture, is obtainable for £6, in plain oak; for £6 10s., in plain mahogany; and for £7 10s., in twisted mahogany. The shade shown is extra, and can be varied according to individual wishes. Small table lamps on a similar principle can be secured for £2 14s. in oxydised copper, and there is a decorative drawing-room lamp of lacquered brass available for £3 12s. A catalogue giving full details will be sent gratis and post free on application to the Aladdin Industries, Aladdin House, 118, Southwark Street, S.E.

The "Heaped Fire" for Warmth.

One of the most practical and attractive of modern heating appliances is the "Heaped Fire," patented by Bratt, Colbran and Co. and the Heaped Fire Company, of 10, Mortimer Street, W. It is an open fire without bars, with loose bottom grating and economiser, and heavy firebrick back and sides. It is simple in construction, easily fixed, lighted, and manipulated. New interiors and surrounds can be fixed in existing mantels without necessarily disturbing the mantel. The cost of fuel is economical, and the heating capacity and cleanliness are other valuable advantages. A typical model is sketched at the top of this page, but there



A soft and becoming light is given by the Aladdin lamps, of which the graceful standard lamp here is one of the newest models. It fits in with any scheme of decoration.

suggestion sketched in the centre of this page, in which everything contained is obtainable at special prices during the sale. This firm are selling off 45,000 yards of cretonnes and printed linens at clearance prices, in many cases at less than half the original cost. One at 2s. 3d. a yard, for instance, is reduced to 1s. per yard, and another formerly 3s. 3d. is now 1s. 6½d. the yard. Damasks, brocades, and other furnishing fabrics have suffered similarly drastic reductions. Carpets, another famous speciality of this firm, are available also at very advantageous prices throughout January.

Amongst the fine-grade Wilton carpets are some reduced from £7 4s. to £5 14s. 9d., size 9 ft. by 6 ft. 9 in.; and the Axminster stair carpeting can be secured for 6s. 9d. instead of 9s. 6d. the yard. Seamless Axminsters, formerly from £4 13s., size 9 ft. by 6 ft., now range from £3 9s. Cushions of every kind and in every colour of the rainbow are being cleared at very much reduced prices. It is impossible to give details of them, as there are so many, but two sketched at random are pictured below, the small square one above offered at 25s., and the other, in artificial taffeta, at 26s. 9d.

Tea Gowns and Frocks. Once the room is perfectly furnished, it would be the height of carelessness to wear a frock which clashes in colour and "atmosphere." At Gorringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., where the sale is still in progress, there is a large choice of attractive tea-gowns and frocks at very moderate prices. A lovely one in multi-coloured embossed georgette, with transparent sleeves to the wrist, finished with long, loose cuffs of the velvet georgette, is obtainable in charming colourings for £6 6s.—and another, of the same fascinating material, in a slightly different pattern, can be secured for 73s. 6d., reduced from £5 15s. 6d.



A charming room which is characteristic of the artistic furnishing and decoration carried out by Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W. There is a sale now in progress there, during which everything is much reduced in price, offering opportunities not to be missed.

are hundreds of others to be seen at this firm's salons. An illustrated catalogue giving full details will be sent gratis and post free on request.

Furnishing During the Sales.

This month offers a wonderful opportunity for furnishing at remarkably advantageous prices. Hamptons, for instance, of Pall Mall East, S.W., have a great clearance sale lasting until the end of the month. This firm are famous for their beautiful furnishing schemes and decoration. They are responsible for the attractive



Two lovely cushions, much reduced, in the sale at Hamptons. There are hundreds in every colour.

De Reszke—of course!



The right cigarette in the right company

DE RESZKE

with the 'Ivory' tip

Ask for De Reszke Virginias — 10 for 6d.; 20 for 1/-

THE MYTH OF PHAETON AND OUR TIME.

(Continued from Page 92.)

military service to countries populated by tens of millions of men. In old days such a military organisation would not have been possible without a ferocious system of universal slavery. That is the reason why in the past even the most despotic Governments did not have recourse to such an organisation, and preferred to make use of an army of mercenaries. In the nineteenth century Europe was able to militarise whole peoples, in the midst of ever-increasing gentleness of manners, and while allowing all classes to live, think, instruct, and organise themselves as they wished.

But that marvellous balance rested on a contradiction. In modern civilisation impulses and fetters were never founded on a single doctrine of life. These doctrines and institutions are as much in opposition to each other as the metal of the curb is to the spring of a horse. The curbs—that is to say, the ancient principles of discipline—were bound to get worn out eventually in that giddy race. It is certainly a fact that a growing uneasiness weighed upon Europe and America during all the nineteenth century in proportion to the growing success of modern industrial and liberal civilisation. That uneasiness had become more deep and more general between 1900 and 1914—that is to say, during the time which for many centuries will be considered as the period most crowned with the gifts of history. That strange uneasiness can only be explained by the continual wearing away of the curb chains. Europe and America felt that a necessary part was growing weaker on that Sun chariot which was carrying them off on a giddy course.

To-day all the curbs that the nineteenth century inherited from its predecessors are broken. They were already in 1914 very worn by a century of the hardest work; the shock of the World War broke them. The monarchies and aristocracies by which European society for so many centuries had been solidly maintained have disappeared or are tottering. Traditions are evaporating, manners are becoming fluid in the perpetual mobility of people, fortunes, and interests. The thought and sentiments of individual and social groups are given up to their own devices, as if they no longer depended on any law, authority, or tradition. Individuals or social groups can create at will their own theory of life, of morals, and aesthetics. The family is no longer a school of discipline, for the parents do not dare to command, and the children are persuaded that independence is their first duty. Even religion, so impervious in old days, without appearing to do so, has had to make a pact with the perpetual distractions and overwork of modern times, which every day eat further into the time consecrated to sacred things. The compromise which after the French Revolution had cut into the struggle between the principle of liberty and the necessity of discipline is finished and no longer exists. But a civilisation cannot be a perpetual rush. We also

need a certain moral, political, intellectual, and aesthetic discipline. We are living carelessly from day to day because we have thrown off that discipline. We need to replace those old curbs which were the legacy of the centuries before the French Revolution by new ones.

It is the invention, the fabrication, and the trial of those new curbs at which we are now working. We are not yet aware of this, because the work is hardly begun. It always happens that an epoch does not understand what it is doing until a certain time has elapsed. Besides, the task is not an easy one; and it can only be begun in a certain confusion. But great novelties are being prepared in the world, and the surest sign of this to clear-sighted eyes is that general timidity which has invaded all fields of human activity except that of business. Our epoch may appear full of subversive audacities in all domains; but it is not difficult to discover everywhere, under these turbulent appearances, the growing uncertainty of an age which, having lost the directing principles of ancient discipline, has also lost with them its security of judgment and action. This fact is especially to be seen in intellectual life. A little time ago a great concert-promoter said to me that he could not understand why it was that, especially in the Anglo-Saxon world, although immense crowds would rush to concerts in which artists who were already celebrated were advertised to perform, it was almost impossible to interest even a small public in the début of a probable celebrity of to-morrow. It seems it was much easier to launch a new artist fifteen years ago, whereas at that time the celebrity who had already arrived earned less. But this fact is perhaps less mysterious than it seemed to my informer.

In a century and a half we have passed from the reign of official beauty to the most complete aesthetic liberty. In the eighteenth century one might still have had trouble with the police if one did not admire certain masterpieces; to-day everyone is at liberty to create his own standard of beauty or ugliness, as he pleases. But that complete liberty makes both the public and the artists timid and hesitating. The public is always afraid of mistaking a mystification for a masterpiece, or a masterpiece for a mystification. It distrusts itself and others; it takes shelter behind the established fame, and this is also a refuge for the authorities which help to form a judgment. Why have literary prizes gained such importance? Because they are a hall-mark for an age in which there is no longer a guide or where there are too many. The artist in his turn, not knowing what the public really considers beautiful, is paralysed by his liberty, and often ends by becoming the trembling slave of frivolous fashions which change every six months! If we were to look for them, we should find the same uncertainties and perplexities in the political and diplomatic actions of the great States. Their actions are dominated by great timidity hidden under magnificent speeches. It could not be otherwise in an age which has to re-discover the directing principles of moral, political, and intellectual discipline.

A ROMAN BAZAAR IN TRAJAN'S FORUM.

(Continued from Page 96.)

remains of the ancient monument, which had never been seen for centuries—as this convent was one of strict seclusion and did not admit the public—were discovered in the preliminary surveys of the imperial buildings, made to prepare the plan of their excavation. Among them were the *favissæ* (war treasury) of the Temple, and a large hall with interior arcades and pillars, very probably the tribunal where the Emperor himself sat in judgment.

Over the huge wall of the northern hemicycle of this Forum is an elegant building, dating from the dawn of the Renaissance, formerly disfigured and dilapidated, but now restored to its original state with the demolition of some recent walls and the reconstruction of some decayed columns. This is the Loggia of the Rhodian Knights, built in this place by the Venetian Cardinal Marco Barbo in 1470, for the seat of their Priory in Rome, a very jewel of art which, on account of its seclusion, was itself forgotten in modern times—as were forgotten and entirely concealed from the public the romantic remains of Julius Caesar's Forum, recently explored in the intricate tangle of odd and poor houses, superposed one upon another in the Vicolo delle Marmorelle at the foot of the Capitol.

The Rhodian Loggia, for the sake of its historical and artistic importance, has been preserved in its position and carefully repaired.

A very small space, traversed by the modern street of Campo Carleo, separated the Forum of Augustus from the large eastern hemicycle of Trajan's Forum, this also almost entirely hidden amid private orchards and modern houses equally difficult of access. The diggings in this part of Trajan's buildings followed those of the Forum of Augustus, but the work of clearing the slope ascending from here to the Quirinal commenced with the isolation of the Torre delle Milizie, the strong mediæval monument (built about 1200 A.D.) believed by popular tradition to be the ancient Tower of Nero (mentioned above on p. 96), from the top of which the ferocious Emperor would have enjoyed the spectacle of the burning of Rome. With the excavation of all the Forums and the removal of ugly modern houses, the high platform of this massive tower becomes the observation point of a more humane and elevating spectacle—that of the greatest remains of art and civilisation of the Eternal City.

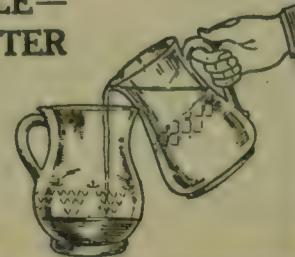
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

OUR OLD FRIEND THE ENEMY—THE AMERICAN INVASION.

I BELIEVE that the correct answer to the oldest proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun," is this, that "Nothing dies." How far these may be applied to the ordinary affairs of life it would be difficult to say, but I am sure that it is pretty safe to say of motoring matters in general that nothing dies, including nearly every sort of worry. If we are free to-day of some of our troubles of twenty years ago, we have new ones to take their place; if we are promised perfection the week after next, it is already a more than twice-told tale. We heard that last year, and the year before. While we must admit that we could bravely endure the death of quite a number of motoring questions, there in one hardy annual which I am always glad to see doing well, and that is the competition to which our manufacturers are healthily spurred by our very venerable friend, the American invasion. How many years is it since that phrase was first coined? More, perhaps, than you might think. I remember it mentioned in a Kipling tale written in the days when limousines and all closed cars were looked upon as the last word in revolting ostentatiousness.

What a fuss was made, in those apparently comfortable pre-war days, about the American invasion! What tales we were told of the marvels of luxury, efficiency, and cheapness which were thronging the Atlantic daily in vast consignments, destined, in an hour, to flatten the British industry and to make the Continental patriarchs bow their distinguished heads to the storms which blew from Detroit and Cleveland and Toledo! And how thinly it all fizzled out, to be sure! There was a great deal of wind from the cities in question, but not much else, so far as results were concerned. Coventry and Birmingham just carried on in that peculiarly irritating British fashion, and nobody was even faintly inconvenienced, much less put out of business. That "invasion" was abortive chiefly because the men who made cars then in Detroit and its rivals had small notion of what sort of a car an Englishman wanted. Still, it continued, and continues to-day, because, little by little, by slow degrees, the invader is acquiring that essential knowledge. Quite a number of the newest American cars have features, both in design and appearance, which might have been (possibly are)

included to attract the British customer. I, for one, am delighted to see it. There is nothing quite so useful to the car-owner as razor-sharp competition among those who want his custom.

The American invasion in 1929 is decidedly a more serious affair than the futile skirmish of 1910 or thereabouts. The issue (of which I have no doubt whatever) is being fought point by point, and the "enemy" is learning several lessons which should be useful to him. He has learnt that top-speed performance, by itself, is not nearly enough for us. He knows now that a huge "soft" engine, with a light chassis and a flimsy body, a low gear, and a flattering speed-indicator, puts up no sort of a show against the average good European car of half the rated power. He has abruptly dropped his outworn ideas and ardently embraced those of the invaded country. That is all to the good. There are some excellent American cars to be had to-day, cars which in most respects follow British and Continental design. Their engines are still rather larger than ours, power for power and speed for speed, but they are evidently "getting down to it" and tackling the problem as they should have tackled it years ago. They are still a long way from beating us, and I see no prospect of their ever succeeding in doing so, but in several ways they are, as I said just now, having an admirably stimulating effect on some of our own factories.

It is comforting to see that they have made one of their biggest efforts in what was once their own special line—price. We could always produce cars as good as anyone else, but until fairly recently industrial conditions made it difficult, if not impossible, for us to compete in £ s. d. with a country which, in our view, looked upon luxuries as prime necessities, where his car was nearly as important a feature of the city clerk's life as his home. Now we can do a good deal more than hold our own. I have in mind, for one example only of a particular type, the 1929 16-h.p. six-cylinder Austin, a car with a 2½-litre engine, a four-speed gear-box, a comfortable maximum speed of a mile a minute, and a Weymann-type saloon body, which sells for £355. I had this model out over one of my test-runs a few weeks ago, and I was particularly struck with its showing. I chose a course which includes a very long top-speed hill, where I usually test our excellent "friends" the "enemies," because that is where they display their best accomplishments, and the Austin did remarkably well.

Generally speaking, top-speed hill-climbing does not interest me very much, unless I have only three gears at my disposal; but, having the American invasion in mind, I was glad to see how this new, stiff engine grappled with its job. It made nothing at all of the long climb, and even at the difficult section, where the steepest part of the gradient meets the one corner at which you must go cautiously, the throttle was not wide open. There is no radical departure from standard Austin design in the new car, but there are certain notable improvements. The most important of these is in the change-speed, which is now by the conventional "waggle-stick" instead of by the "gate." The lever is longer and altogether more accessible, and the alteration has made a world of difference to the driving comfort. A minor improvement, which is nearly as welcome, is the fitting of a proper petrol-tank filler outside the car. You need not shift the seat to fill up.

The performance of the car is greatly improved, however. I really think this is the best car Austin's have ever made—certainly at the price. The engine has so little vibration that the average driver would swear that there was none—at all events up to well over fifty miles an hour. It is one of the smoothest-running engines I have driven since the Motor Show. Gear-changing is now easily and scrapelessly managed, the steering is light and steady, and the brakes are really good. It is a thoroughly nice car, lively, sensibly designed, and decently finished. Either wire or spoked wheels may be had, both being of the stud-and-nut attachment. The four-door fabric saloon is well upholstered, and there is plenty of leg-room fore and aft. The front screen is of Triplex glass; but in the *de luxe* model, which costs £20 more, all the windows are of Triplex.

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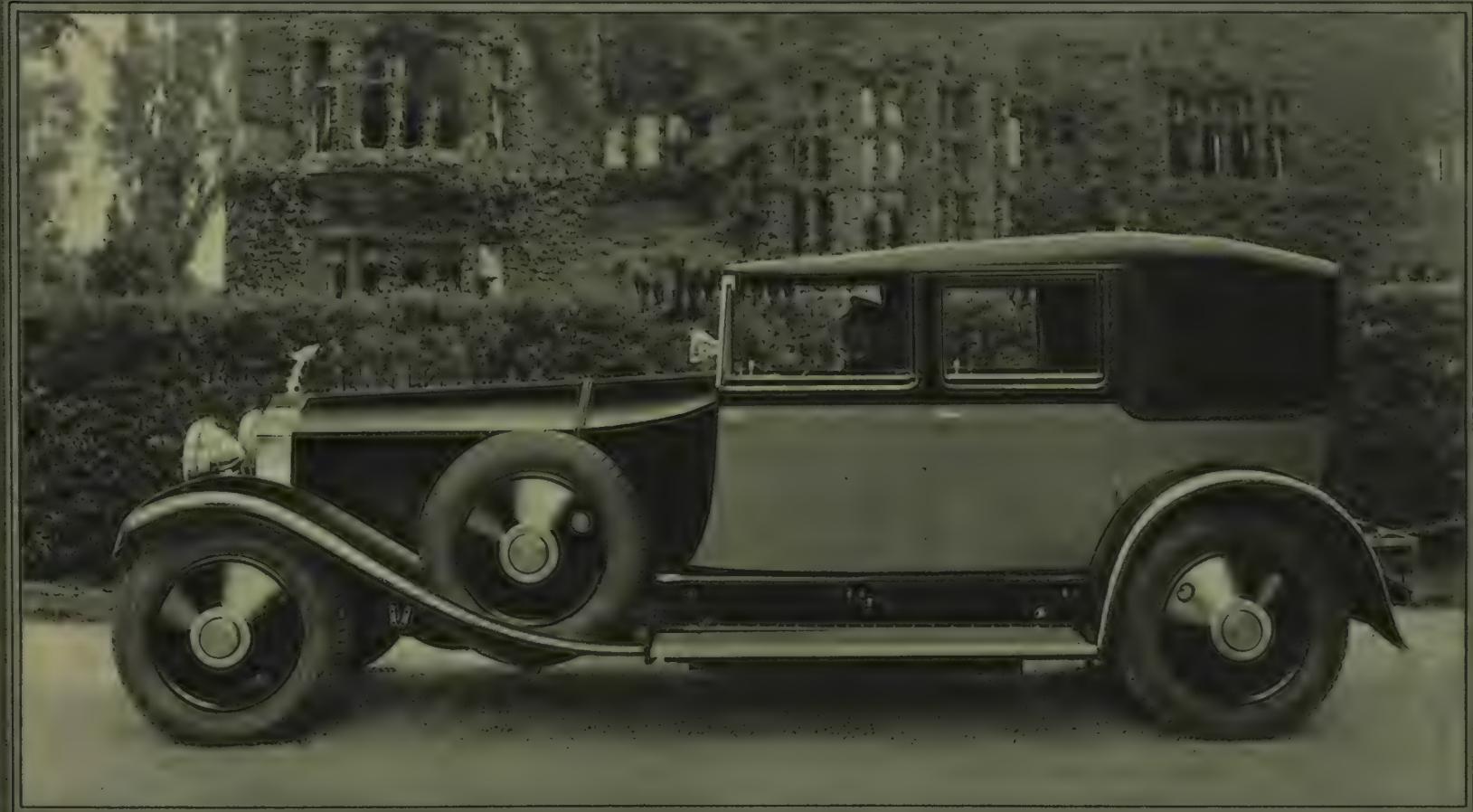
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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from Page 108)

girl, who presently arrives, dishevelled and in tears, to discover the bitter truth. For her mother's sake, she holds her tongue, whilst the older woman runs away, to be seen no more, leaving her loyal little daughter utterly at the mercy of the lion-tamer. The brevity of this introduction is excellent. Here is the foundation of the whole story given in a few quick strokes. No rigmarole as to why the mother stole, except that she needed money to get away from a man whom she feared. Our attention is focussed on the fate of the circus-waif Maria. It leads her anon, as the result of another panic-stricken flight from her tormentor, into the careless and kindly hands of the three Kings. They are world-renowned musical clowns, appearing for the moment at Blackpool's famous Royal Circus. They discover poor Maria in a dead faint on the floor of a taxi. They take her home. Then begins an idyll somewhat akin to du Maurier's immortal "Trilby," for, like that adorable artists' model, she keeps house for her Three Musketeers of the sawdust. She is grateful to all three, serves all three, and loves but one—the eldest. The rest of the film tells the story of growing rivalry between the brothers, of perfidy on the part of one and heroism on the part of the other, with a finely staged fire at the circus for a climax. There is nothing remarkable about the story; nor is it even very original. But it is fresh and vigorous. It avoids sentimentality and anti-climax. For all its simplicity, it secures our sympathy and our interest. Above all, it creates a pleasantly whimsical atmosphere in the ménage of the three clowns. Here, indeed, lies the chief charm of the film. The three brothers are well-contrasted characters, but they combine in a certain careless gaiety. There is about them all the touch of flamboyance, the bohemianism, of the successful variety artist. Their pranks in the privacy of their apartments are as entertaining as in the sterner stuff of the circus itself, of which we get a good deal, from the acrobatics of Lilliputian athletes to the customary evolutions of sad-eyed lions, with every now and then a glimpse of the vast audience in impressive chiaroscuro.

The film is exceptionally well acted. The trio of clowns is interpreted by Warwick Ward, John Hamilton, and Henry Edwards himself. All three

(Continued in Column 3)

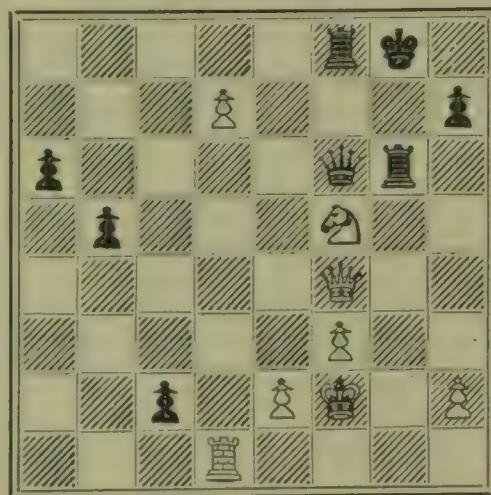
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To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XV. (Dr. S. TARRASCH.)
[8; p1R3rp; 4pkz; 1p2sppt; 1P6; P7; 3B2PP; 4K3: White to play and win.]1. R×R K×R
2. BB3 KB3

Now the Knight is pinned, and the White King can make a Cook's tour to swallow him up. Black can only release the pin by clearing KB4 for his K, and White has only to prevent this to win comfortably. Therefore he plays, 3. PKt3, PKR4; 4. PR3. If 4. — PB5 or PR5; 5. PKt4; while 4. — PKt5 is met by 5. PR4. The point is that if the Black KtP is advanced, the BP cannot move because of P×P winning the Knight; and if the RP or BP is advanced, White gets a P on to Kt4 and Black is immobilised.

GAME PROBLEM No. XVII.
BLACK (8 pieces).

WHITE (8 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 5kr1; 3P3p; p4qr1; p1p3S2; 5Q2; 5P2; 2p1PK1P; 3R4.

White to move and draw.

Here we have a hero in distress. Capablanca is White, and, the exchange down, he sees his Rook threatened by a queening Pawn, and a ghastly future on the Q's side. He emulates the pious Aeneas, who, grievously pressed by Achilles, rooted up a large rock to save his skin. Can you find the method by which he forces a draw, and cheats the Pelian javelin?

SOLUTIONS OF THE "FIVE ACES." (DEC. 22, 1928.)
I. (WEENINK and HARTONG).—Position: kB6; p1PPPPP; Kp6;
s2S1b1q; 2p5; 8; 6rb; 4r3—mate in two. Keymove, B×P; threat,

Kt×P mate. Black can pin the Knight in two ways, and guard the mating square (b6) in seven ways; but each of these defences allows one of the Pawns to queen and mate. This problem has a poor key, little strategy, and many duals, but it also possesses originality and humour, qualities we should like to see often in prize-winners. To appreciate it properly, all the Black defences should be examined.

II. (SCHIFFMAN).—Position: 1Q2s1r1; pB5b; pk3r2; 2R2p2; 2p5; B1P5; 2KR2pb; 8—mate in two. Keymove, KQ3; threat, RKt2 mate. Black is given three cross-checks by the key, each of which is met by a different interposition of the KB; while one of the Kt defences to the threat forces a fourth.

III. (FRANKEM).—Position: B7; 4P3; 4QPs1; 3SqR2; R2Skb2; 4P2b; 1K2P3; 5s2—mate in two. Keymove, QB8; threat, QB2 mate. The keymove gives the Black Queen tremendous freedom, including two cross-checks, and the mates are varied and interesting.

IV. (MARI).—Position: 8; r7; 5B1p; 4Ss1k; 4P1Sb; 4l2r; 5Q2; 3BK1R—mate in two. Keymove, BK7; threat, KtKB6 mate. This problem is remarkable for its ingenious and even difficult mates; notice particularly BB6, KtR2 mate! Some readers suggest BQ8 as an alternative key, but it fails against KtKt6, as the Q cannot go to B7 to mate.

V. (MANSFIELD).—Position: 2qR4; 1ppbp1Q1; 3b3B; 1p1p2B2; s2R3; 3k1Sp1; 5pP1; S4K2—mate in two. Keymove, KtQ2; threat, RK6 mate. This has bothered our solvers, some of them having given it up altogether! The play of the half-pinned Bishops, and the various shut-offs, interferences, and self-blocks, are presented with Mr. Mansfield's well-known elegance.

Continued.]

are admirable, but to Mr. Edwards falls the most sympathetic rôle, that of the self-sacrificing eldest King. With his sensitive face, his impudent profile, and the sense of humour that mercifully prevents him from becoming a martyr, this "laughing cavalier" is an attractive creation. Miss Evelyn Holt plays the heroine very prettily and tenderly; though the nature of the part betrayed her into some sameness of gesture and mood. The film has been carefully and effectively produced by Hans Steinholt. He has handled the unassuming story with the directness it demanded, and without any deliberate camera-tricks, yet there is imagination in the treatment of the three Kings' home life, as well as a genuine thrill of suspense in the circus fire. The procession of frightened animals being run out of their stables by their grooms: big, lumbering camels looming up through clouds of smoke, with heads flung high; horses, mules, rushed to safety through the crowded corridor behind the arena—all this gives the required sensation of panic and danger, whilst it still retains a quality of picturesqueness in its thick shadows and its startling highlights of flame, though the well-balanced scenic effects are made subservient to the dramatic situation and do not obscure it. Here, then, is a well-made, well-told, and well-played British film-drama, to which we may point with pride.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

FASHION AND ITS MUSIC.

HISTORIANS have never paid sufficient attention to the social and artistic activities of the peoples of whom they have written. Of course, the days have passed when history was merely an account of the reigns of kings, their dates of accession and death, and the wars fought and possessions gained or lost under them. We get sociological, economic, and even psychological treatises written now, but still there remains a great deal to be investigated. What causes these extraordinary changes in costume and fashion from generation to generation? They certainly cannot be ascribed to economic influences, because periods of sober and austere dress sometimes coincide with great material prosperity, and equally prosperous ages have entirely different fashions. Nor is it a mere reaction, a natural swing of the pendulum from one extreme to another, because the extremes are different at different times.

Another astonishing fact is the close relation between all the arts of any period. Antimacassars, stuffed birds, wax fruits, and what-nots are all Victorian, and go together in some more intimate way than their mere retrospective association in our minds. Still stranger is the fact that the literature and the music belong as definitely to the period as the furniture and painting. One cannot imagine stuffed birds and fox-trots, but stuffed birds and polkas are quite harmonious. And the serious music is equally of the period, as, for example, the music of the famous English composer, Sterndale Bennett; his symphonies and pianoforte concertos are as much of a piece with the Victorian interior as are the polkas and the drawing-room ballads of the same time.

There is only one exception to this rule, and that is the work of an outstanding genius who is generally so far in advance of his time that it takes many succeeding generations to assimilate him. Beethoven is an obvious example, and although Handel and Mozart may be thought to date and belong definitely to the eighteenth century, yet a familiarity with the music of their contemporaries shows how profoundly they differed, and we must not mistake the superficial similarity of their forms. If you inspect their musical forms closely, you will see that they differ markedly from the standard pattern of their age.

I am moved to these reflections by a revival of an old social comedy, "Fashion," written by a Mrs. Mowatt in 1845, which is being performed in London at the Gate Theatre Studio—one of those little theatres which are flourishing all over the country nowadays. Mrs. Mowatt was an American, and her play was a farcical satire on the New York society of her day. The play has no great merit, but it is lively and entertaining. In this production, however, a great deal of Victorian music has been introduced, and this heightens the effect enormously. The overture and music between the acts is made up chiefly of a brilliant polka entitled "See Me Dance the Polka, See Me Cover the Ground," and this delightful piece of music is a good example of the light dance music of the period. From it one can see that, for all the aggressive buoyancy and verve of our modern jazz music, our ancestors were far from being devoid of spirit. "See Me Dance the Polka" is, in its way, as lively as any fox-trot or rag-time, and it was played with the right Victorian sort of virtuosity by Miss Dorothy Hogken.

But the chief glory of the present revival of "Fashion" is provided by the songs. There is a vocal quartet, "The Independent Farmer," and two songs with chorus: "Walking Down Broadway"—a serio-comic song popular in New York about fifty years ago—and a comic song: "With His Little Bunch of Whiskers on His Chin." The latter is sung with a great deal of spirit by Miss Betty Potter, who played the part of Mrs. Tiffany, the rich merchant's wife who aspired to be a lady of fashion. The best of all the songs with chorus is a marvellous piece of comic bathos entitled "Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep," sung by Mr. Harold Young, who played the part of Mr. Tiffany the merchant. This is a really funny song, but our sense of humour is so different from that of our ancestors in some ways that I doubt if ever this song had the success in the past that it is now having at the Gate Theatre.

Then there is a lovers' duet sung by Miss Tiffany (Miss Helena Pickard) and Count Jolimaitre (Mr. Anthony Ireland). This remarkable work, with its antiphonal refrain: "Call me a bud, call me a star," is perhaps one of the phenomena most difficult of all for us to understand. We have changed so much that we cannot believe that a young woman and a young man would stand up in a drawing-room and sing to a number of people in complete gravity a

sentimental duet with such a refrain as "Call me a bud, call me a star" endearingly repeated. Yet here is the evidence to prove that such things were not only possible, but general, for these duets were not printed for fun—they were sold and sung by the thousand throughout England and America. It just shows what creatures of habit and custom men and women are; and when sociologists predict that we shall be doing all sorts of incredible things in a hundred years' time, it is ridiculous, in the face of these facts, to pretend that our present customs are going to last longer than those of our forefathers.

It was, however, the sentimental solo songs that I found most to my taste. A charming soprano song: "We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd," was not so typical of its age as a delightful tenor song—"Down by the Riverside," I think it was called—in which the death of some love-lorn, lily-pure maiden is described in melting accents. This was very attractively sung by Mr. W. E. C. Jenkins, who had contrived to represent very successfully a typical Victorian tenor with silky moustache and silk gloves, and an expression of perfect imbecility. These sentimental songs, quaint though they sound to our ears, are both touching and comic. And those who are not moved by them are singularly insensitive and foolish; especially if they imagine that our own popular songs are any less silly than those of 1850.

Our descendants will find that all our contemporary popular music is as quaint and silly as we find that of our great-grandfathers. But those of them who possess true culture and a genuine artistic and human sensitiveness will also find in them the expressions, undoubtedly naïve, but none the less sincere and affecting, of our pains and pleasures. They will listen to them with a sympathetic ear, and they will be both amused and moved to a tenderness both for us and for themselves.

When it comes to reflecting the spirit and the character of an age, we find that the minor works of every art are much more representative than the major ones. If a great play had been written in 1850, it might not throw much light on the customs and habits of the time; nor would it lend itself so readily in later days to the interpolation of extraneous music as Mrs. Mowatt's comedy does. But these smaller, less individual works always reflect more of the society in which their writer lived than of his or her own personality. Mrs. Mowatt's comedy

[Continued on page 124.]



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

HULL MATERIALS.

METAL has many advantages over wood for shipbuilding, but its superiority is doubtful as the material with which to build small vessels of the motor-cruiser type. Though many motor-yachts are built of steel, there are few motor-cruisers which are not of wood. The reasons are many and various, but the chief, from the owner's point of view, is that a wooden hull is warmer in winter and cooler in summer, and requires less upkeep than one built of steel; whilst it also requires less looking after, provided the wood is well seasoned.

The use of badly seasoned wood in the Navy during the era of sails caused wordy conflicts in Parliament, and resulted in ships such as the *Victory* being left on the stocks "to season" as bare frameworks for one year, before they were planked and finished: it was sound practice, but takes too long for these days. A great deal depends on where the tree was grown, and this applies in particular to English elm, which, if grown in a low-lying, damp locality, will be less close-grained than when it is grown more slowly on high and dry upland. Elm is not a wood I am fond of in a boat, and in any case it is only satisfactory when always submerged, for it splits and rots easily when exposed to sun and air; it is often used for the few planks nearest to the keel of a large teak-planked vessel, because teak is liable to crack in this position in the event of the boat running ashore, when elm will not do so.

Teak and mahogany are wonderful woods, and very popular for planking motor-cruisers, as an alternative to pine, which is cheaper and does not stand the sun so well. Of the two I prefer teak for a non-racing boat, because it is heavier and saves a small amount of ballast; it also retains its natural oil

almost indefinitely and hardly ever rots; it has a greater tensile strength than English oak, and is superior to it when employed in warm countries, for it resists the boring-worm, and therefore copper sheathing is not an absolute necessity with it. There are teak-built boats in use at Bombay to-day which are over a hundred years old.

For speed-boats and runabouts mahogany is almost universally used for planking purposes; and I often wonder why, for it is not a light wood, and, where weight is a consideration together with strength,

hard wood. To start with, the novice need not concern himself with the various woods which are used for the framework of his vessel, as the matter may be safely left to the builder without fear that the cost will be much affected. The practice I favour least, however, is the employment of metal frames and wooden planking, which forms what is called a composite vessel; if any leakage takes place past the planking the metal behind will rust in time and repairs may be costly.

There appears to have arisen lately, especially in America, a demand for some material other than metal or wood for the skin planking of boats; there have been several references in the Press to rubber planks, but I doubt whether this material will prove superior to wood if it is treated in the manner common amongst musical-instrument makers in the seventeenth century. They increased the strength of wood by thirty per cent. They worked on the knowledge that wood is held together by the resin lying between its fibres, and that it breaks when bent because of the inelasticity of the resin. By means of a special process, therefore, they first dissolved and then extracted the resin and replaced it with gelatine, which never became brittle. It would be interesting to know whether rubber could replace the gelatine, and, if so, whether a piece of pine so treated would withstand the boring-worm.

The novice who buys his first second-hand boat is often asked a high price because the vessel is planked with teak or mahogany, and is copper-fastened. If he will bear in mind that one of the most expensive builders only charges approximately £100 more for a new vessel of forty feet of this sort than he does for a pine-built boat of the same size, it may help him to decide what sort of man he is dealing with. An iron-fastened vessel is another matter. I admit I dislike the practice, but, to be fair, I will say I know an iron-fastened Thames barge built of oak which was launched during the Crimean War and which is still in use.



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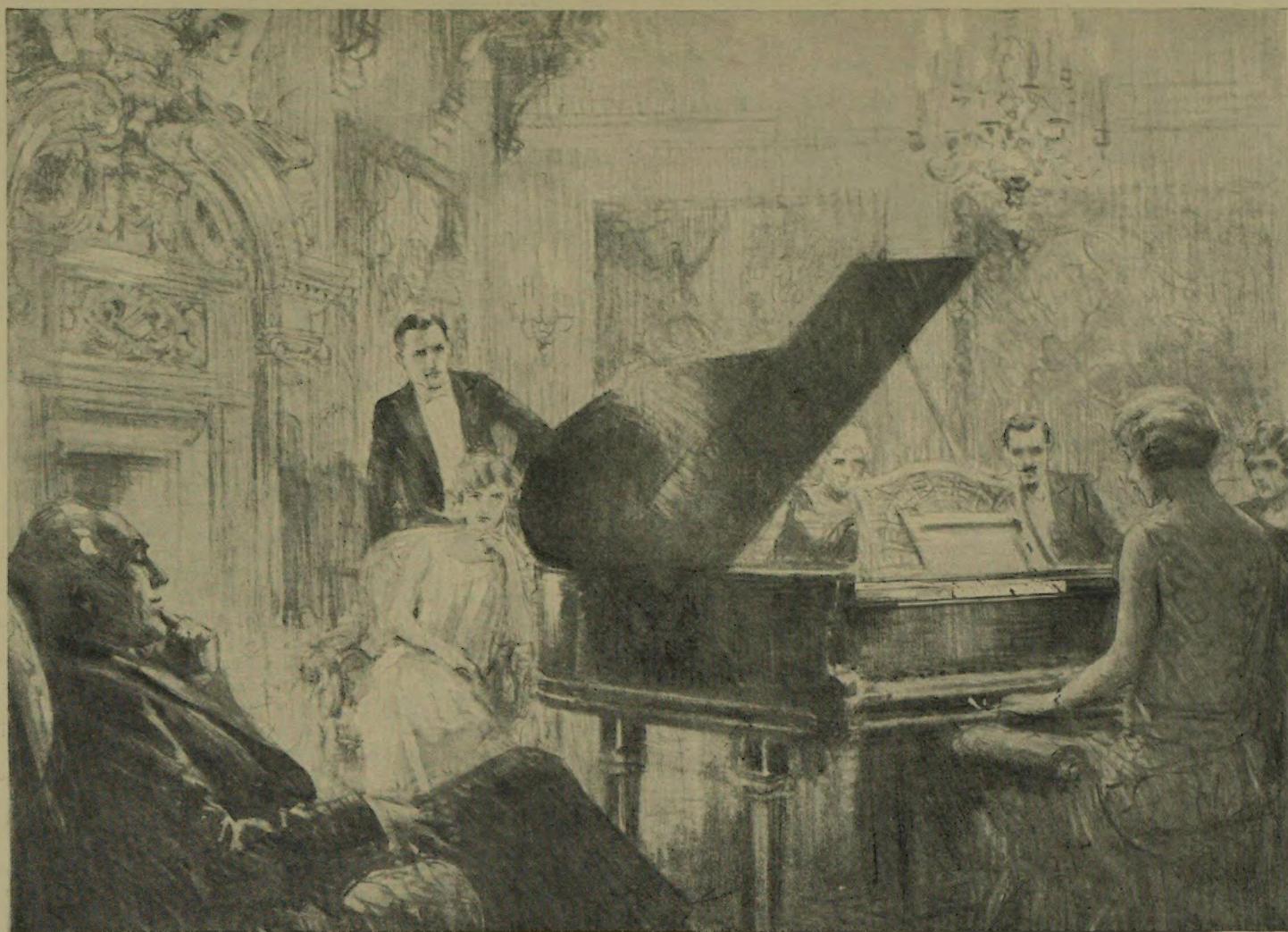
I would class Port Orford cedar as its superior, for it is nearly half its weight, and yet equal in strength to silver spruce and with practically no knots. Some years ago I tested a mahogany boat against an identical Port Orford cedar boat, which, owing to the great strength of this wood, had lighter scantlings: the result was a win for the latter by 2½ knots. Pine and larch are used extensively for planking vessels, especially commercial craft; they are cheap woods but dislike a hot sun when forming the above-water planking. A vessel built of these woods, however, will last as long as the ordinary mortal, but will not command a second-hand price as large as one built of

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.—(Continued from Page 120)

tells us nothing at all about Mrs. Mowatt, but a great deal about the New York life of her time. So these songs—"Twas a Still, Calm Night," "Down by the Riverside," "We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd," etc.—tell us nothing of the personality of the composer who wrote them. In fact, it is quite impossible to decide whether they are or are not all by the same composer. On the other hand, the works of genius often tell us next to nothing about the age and the society in which the writer or composer lived. The music of Beethoven, for example, tells us only of Beethoven himself, just as "Hamlet" tells us of Shakespeare, and not of the Elizabethan age—except in a few minor details. So I believe that the historians of the future will find our jazz music of more social interest than that of our great composers—if we have any.

W. J. TURNER.

Among the selective London directories for social purposes, an established favourite is the "Royal Blue Book, Court and Parliamentary Guide" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.; 7s. 6d.), now available in the new edition for 1929. This well-known book, issued for over 100 years, includes occupiers of "the better-class private houses" in the western districts of London. The area covered is roughly bounded by Hampstead on the North, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the south, Bloomsbury on the east, and West Kensington on the West. The names and addresses are arranged (1) according to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. Information is also given regarding the Royal Households, Parliament and the Ministry, Government offices, clubs, golf-clubs, and theatres.

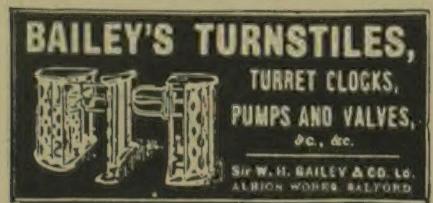
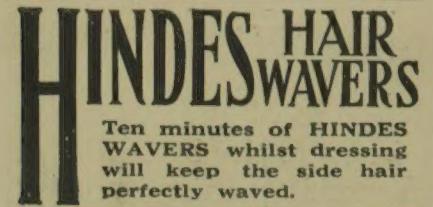
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"WANDERINGS IN WILD AUSTRALIA."

(Continued from Page 90.)

artists to the best of their ability. That is the astonishingly high level of craftsmanship so frequently displayed by "prehistoric" man. The Australian aboriginal—he is still as were his ancestors in the Stone Age—is by way of being an Old Master amongst his kind. Various illustrations in "Wanderings in Wild Australia" are illuminating. As a decorator, the "blackfellow" embellishes body and face and head for countless occasions, totemic and tribal and family; striping with mud and ochre and pipe-clay, and cutting wounds that cicatrices may remain to adorn; and in the same fashion he sets elaborate designs upon waist-bands, forehead-bands, nose-bones, the *churingas*, or sacred objects, armlets, spear-throwners, spears, clubs, *pitchis*, shields, grave-posts, belts, baskets of bark and of grass-net, and so forth. And, still as a decorator, he works designs upon the ground for initiation and other rites. As depicter, he is at least as happy. At times he is frankly geometrical; at others he is imaginative; at others naturalistic—and he differentiates clearly between what is "play-about," done just for amusement, and what is *Churinga*, or sacred.

Sir Baldwin found examples, done in red and yellow ochre, pipe-clay, and charcoal, on flat rock-surfaces in the gorges of the southern slopes of the George Gill Range. These included an emu sitting on its eggs, as seen by an artist looking up at it from below ground; but, as a collection, they can scarcely be compared with the far more enterprising efforts specially "created" for our author by Kakadus—at a cost varying from one stick of tobacco to three, according to the size of the bark covered! Specimens to be seen on page 91. In the case of those representing animals, "a very remarkable feature . . . is that in many of them—in fact in all that are used as food, so that the native knows something of their inward as well as of their outward parts—the main features of their internal anatomy are drawn."

There I must conclude, in the hope that, by quotation and comment, I have been able at least to suggest how

thorough and how engrossing is the written record of Sir Baldwin's "Wanderings." "Big Gubment" has had a very Crichton of a servant and a savant. It is well that he should have escaped the wiles of warriors dragging spears between their toes!

E. H. G.

"THE CHINESE BUNGALOW," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

WHEN authors, as do those of "The Chinese Bungalow," frankly call their play "a melodrama of the Far East," there is no point in complaining that it is just what it claims to be. Here, amid the apparatus of gongs, dim lanterns, joss-sticks, hand-clapping, and softly-moving attendants, we see Mr. Matheson Lang figuring as Chinese husband to the dissatisfied English wife of Miss Marjorie Mars, and observe the fate of a young Western planter with whom she is in love. A cat with poisoned claws quickly clears this lover off the scene. And so room is made for another English heroine to emerge into prominence—the wife's sister—to whom the subtle Chinaman, it appears, has transferred his affections. Charlotte—played by Miss Frances Doble—has her own English sweetheart, but the Chinaman decides that two men may not love her and both live. Hence a sort of duel by poison arranged by him. Two glasses of wine are served, and the Englishman has to make his choice between them. The authors' patriotism favours the Englishman, and Yuan Sing, hoist with his own petard, or, rather, glass, is granted a suitable Oriental death-scene. There is not much for Mr. Lang to do here, save wear a mask of immobility and repeat with variations his well-known performance of Mr. Wu. The two leading actresses and Mr. Austin Trevor do their best; and the Chinese setting is managed on a grandiose scale.

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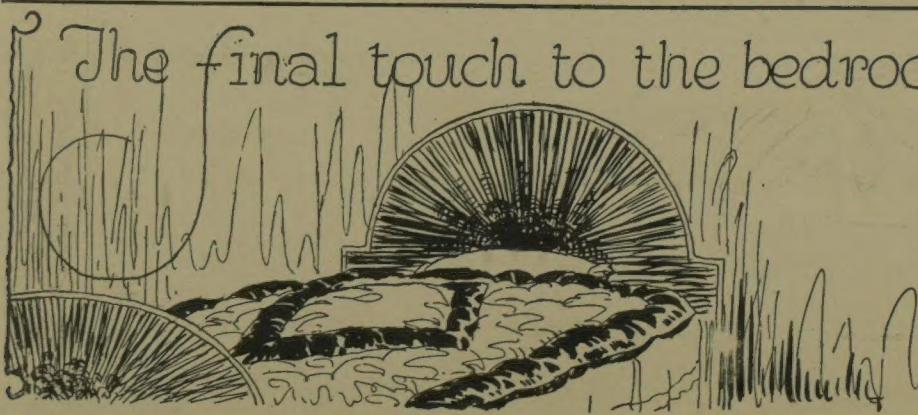
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